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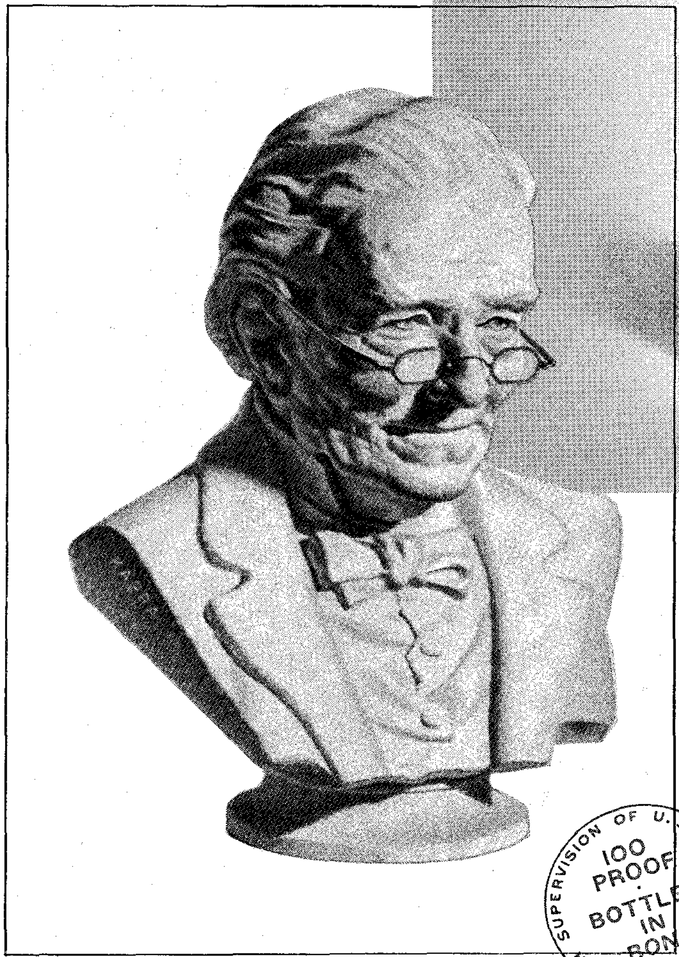

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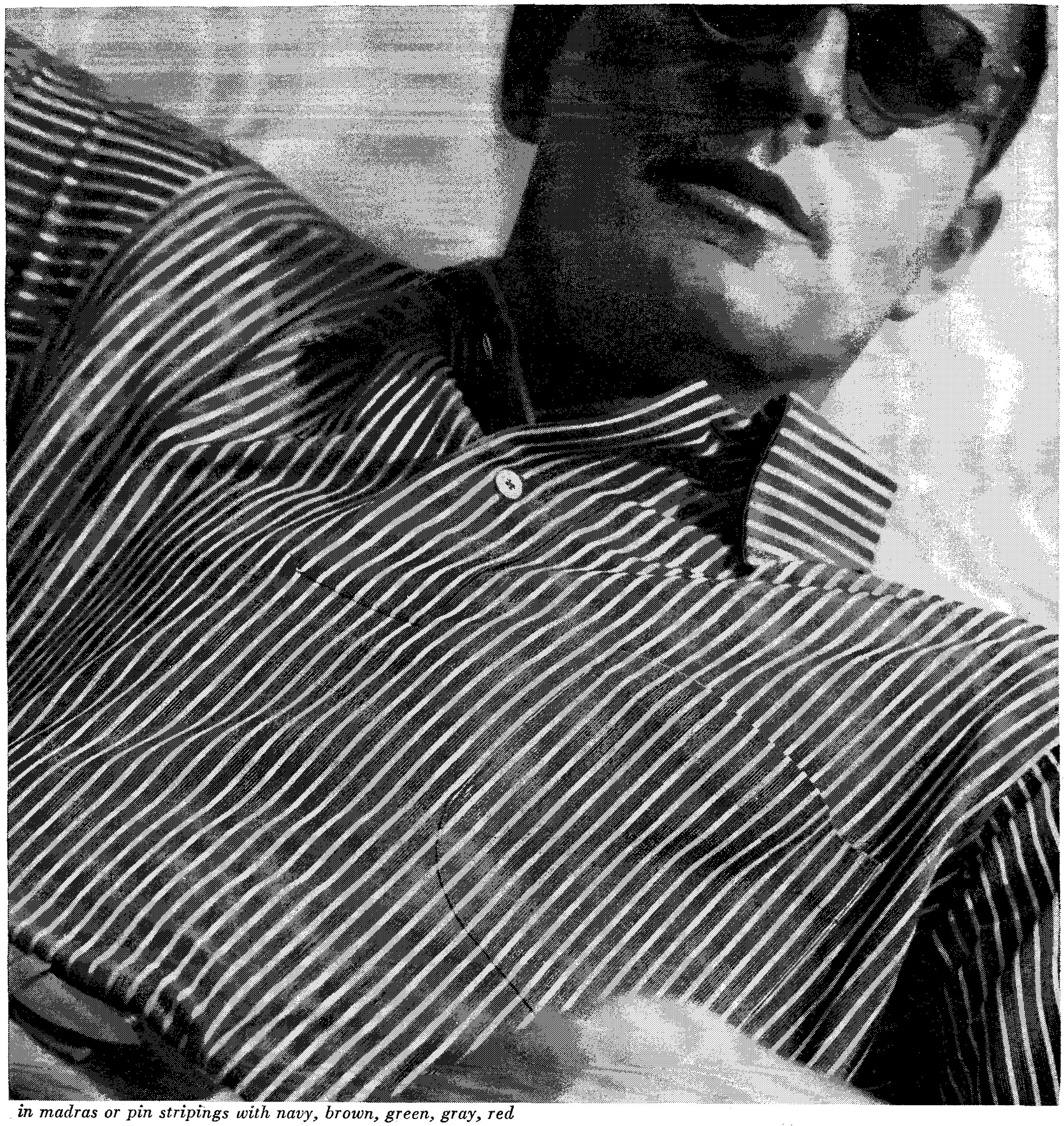

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Caesar and Cleopatra and **Antony and Cleopatra**—Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh in the Shaw play and the Shakespeare tragedy. All very eminent. "Caesar and Cleopatra": Thursday and Friday evenings, Jan. 10-11; Monday evening, Jan. 14; Wednesday matinée and evening, Jan. 16; Thursday evening, Jan. 17; and Saturday matinée and evening, Jan. 19. "Antony and Cleopatra": Saturday matinée and evening, Jan. 12; Tuesday evening, Jan. 15; and Friday evening, Jan. 18. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Through Saturday, April 12.)

The Constant Wife—Katharine Cornell gives her customary demonstration of technique in this revival of Somerset Maugham's comedy about a lady who is clearly too good for her husband, or, indeed, for anybody else. Brian Aherne and Grace George are also prominent in the company directed by Guthrie McClintic. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Fourposter—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are the whole cast of this sometimes charming and sometimes monotonous play about a marriage that goes on for thirty-five years. The Playwrights' Company produced it, and José Ferrer is responsible for the direction. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Gigi—Anita Loos's version of a novel by Colette has to do with a young Parisienne who grows up in rather unusual surroundings, and it is one of the delights of the season. Audrey Hepburn, who plays the title role, is most competently assisted by Cathleen Nesbitt, Michael Evans, and Josephine Brown. Gilbert Miller has given the play one of his characteristically handsome productions. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

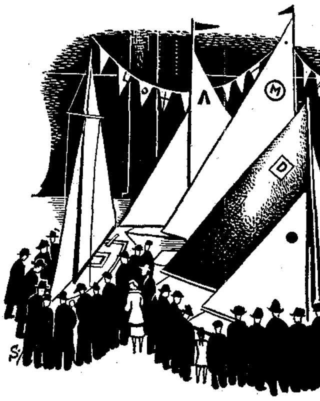
I Am a Camera—This adaptation by John van Druten of Christopher Isherwood's "The Berlin Stories" is diverting but not very substantial. As an English streetwalker, though, Julie Harris is a complete delight. She has the assistance of William Prince, Marian Winters, and Edward Andrews. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Legend of Lovers—Two characters named Orpheus and Eurydice (played by Richard Burton and Dorothy McGuire) turn up in this adaptation of Jean Anouilh's play, but otherwise the resemblance either to good theatre or coherent mythology is negligible. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 12.)

Lo and Behold!—John Patrick's play about an odd congregation of ghosts and human beings has its up and downs, but Leo G. Carroll, Lee Grant, Jeffrey Lynn, and Doro Merande are all admirable in it. Produced by the Theatre Guild and directed by Burgess Meredith. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

New York City Theatre Company—Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie," with Celeste Holm, Art Smith, Grace Valentine, and Kevin McCarthy, is being presented through Sunday, Jan. 20. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Nina—Gloria Swanson, who stars in this French farce, along with David Niven and Alan Webb, is said to have a low opinion of it. Unfortunately, Miss Swanson is quite right. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:45. Matinée Saturday at 2:45. Closes Saturday, Jan. 12.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

The Number—George Abbott directed this melodrama about the numbers racket, and while his gifted hand is occasionally visible, the show is by no means as exciting as it ought to be. With Anthony Ross, Martha Scott, and Dane Clark. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Point of No Return—Paul Osborn has done an excellent adaptation of John P. Marquand's novel about a man who discovers that success isn't really so much, and Leland Hayward has given it a more than satisfactory production. Henry Fonda is magnificent in the leading role and gets fine support from a company that includes John Cromwell, Leora Dana, Frank Conroy, Robert Ross, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Remains to Be Seen—Young love and violent death are the principal ingredients of this comedy melodrama by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay, which may be something of a disappointment to the admirers of both these great men. Janis Paige, Jackie Cooper, and Mr. Lindsay himself are in it. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Saint Joan—A revival of Shaw's fine play, and a really worth-while event. The Theatre Guild produced it, and Margaret Webster has directed a more than usually accomplished cast, in which are Uta Hagen, John Buckmaster, and Frederic Worlock. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121.)

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Stalag 17—A rather old-fashioned melodrama, tricked out with some pretty rough jokes, which will clearly please its own particular public, though it may well distress the fastidious. José Ferrer is the director, and in the cast are John Ericson, Laurence Hugo, and Frank Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**affairs of state:** June Havoc involved with love and politics in Washington. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the moon is blue:** A comedy in which Barry Nelson, Donald Cook, and Barbara Bel Geddes figure as an architect, a roué, and a virgin, respectively. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Kiss Me, Kate—A four-week return engagement of the musical by Cole Porter and Sam and Bella Spewack. With Robert Wright and Holly Harris. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Paint Your Wagon—The plot, something about the Gold Rush in California, doesn't amount to much, but the songs and dances are very satisfactory, and James Barton, Olga San Juan, Tony Bavaar, Gemze De Lappe, and Mary Burr do a lot to liven things up. Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe provided the music, and Agnes de Mille was in charge of the choreography. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pal Joey—This revival of the O'Hara-Rodgers-Hart saga of a heel has been given an excellent production and should enchant practically everybody. Vivienne Segal again heads the cast, which now contains Harold Lang in the title role, and Helen Gallagher, Lionel Stander, and Elaine Stritch in approximately that order of importance. Robert Alton's choreography is magnificent. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Top Banana—Phil Silvers is miraculously funny in this comedy concerning an ex-burlesque performer now starring in television. Among his assistants are Joey Faye, Jack Albertson, Rose Marie, Walter Dare Wahl, and Johnny Trama. Hy Kraft wrote the book, Johnny Mercer did the music and lyrics, and Jo Mielziner designed the sets. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Two on the Aisle—A revue with Bert Lahr, Dolores Gray, and Elliott Reid. Like most revues, it has some good things in it and more that are not so good. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**call me madam:** Ethel Merman as a lady ambassador, surrounded by, among others, Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Equity Welfare Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 13.) . . . **guys and dolls:** A comedy taken from one of Damon Runyon's stories. Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Isabel Bigley, Sam Levene, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the king and i:** The effect a strong-willed English teacher (Gertrude Lawrence) has upon a royal Siamese (Yul Brynner). (St. James, 44th St., W. LA

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXVII, No. 48, January 12, 1952. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1952, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Well, this French planter meets this Navy nurse—oh, you know. Roger Rico is currently playing opposite Martha Wright. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Fancy Meeting You Again—A comedy by George S. Kaufman and Leueen MacGrath, with Walter Matthau, Margaret Hamilton, Glenn Langan, and Miss MacGrath. Produced by Chandler Cowles and Ben Segal and staged by George S. Kaufman. Opens Monday, Jan. 14. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Shrike—José Ferrer and Judith Evelyn in a play by Joseph Kramm, produced and directed by Mr. Ferrer. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 15. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

Desire Under the Elms—A revival of the Eugene O'Neill play, with Karl Malden, Carol Stone, and Douglas Watson. The first of a series of subscription productions offered by ANTA. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 16, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 27. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. For information about tickets, call PL 7-4133.)

DANCE RECITALS

Jean Erdman—With her company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8:40. For tickets, call CH 3-9880.)

Erick Hawkins—In a program of modern dance. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:40. For tickets, call CI 7-5534.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—A revue, starring Barbara Ann Scott. Opens Thursday, Jan. 17, and will run through Wednesday, Feb. 6. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly, except Friday through Sunday, Jan. 25-27, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays, Jan. 19-20 and Feb. 2-3, at 2:30.)

Vaudeville—Judy Garland, Señor Wences, Giselle and François Szony, Smith and Dale, and others. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Except Sundays, in the Trianon Room, the dance orchestras of Jules Lande and Nino de Moraes at dinner and supper. William Adler's string quartet makes drinking music in the rotunda at cocktail time.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—There's string music by Michael Kent's quartet in the Palm Court at cocktail time (silence on Sundays), and in the Madison Room (closed Sundays) during dinner. No dancing in either place.

Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—Most of the cast of the late Ritz-Carlton's Oval Room, including Emery Deutsch's gentle musicians, is around the restaurant here at dinner, except Sundays. No dancing.

Gogi's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—A happy and elegant little kingdom, ruled with an indulgent hand by Ted Straeter, whose dance orchestra constructs a rapturous but vigorous background for his piano from eight-thirty on. Pancho weighs in now and then with his rumba band. In the opulent Plush Room, a European brand of piano music by George Feyer after eight. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A few of the customers sleep out, but they're back again bright and early next day. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—Oh, everyone has seen an ice show. The one in the Terrace Room has puppets (yes, puppets) and pretty girls, but, luckily, none of the usual paralyzing humor. A new one arrives on Thursday, Jan. 17. Tommy Reynolds' band (to be replaced on Jan. 17 by Teddy Powell's) and Adrian Rollini's trio. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, there's Hildegarde, bland, elegant, lyric, and apparently the proud possessor of more sponsors than a dusk-to-dawn disc jockey. Stanley Melba's and Chico-Relli's orchestras play for the guests' exercises. Sundays there's only a dinner show, and Mondays the room is closed. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet plays for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jane Morgan, a thing of beauty and a joy forever, is singing in the Persian Room, where a trio of dancers called the Hamiltons and the bands of Dick La Salle and Mark Monte also hold forth. On Thursday, Jan. 17, Jimmie Savo (practically a stranger around town) and Rolly Rolls, an inveterate humorist, will take over. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which is thoroughly devoted to the comfort of those who are fond of light wines and dancing, offers Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Dinner and supper dance music in the Grill by Guy Lombardo's band, which by now must feel that it owns the place. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Polly Bergen, a budding, apricot-thatched oriole from Hollywood, adds a breath of spring to the stately proceedings in the Maisonette. The accompanying trio (Jack Kelly's piano, a harp, and a bass) is worth listening to in its own right. On Friday, Jan. 18, they'll give way to another lyric newcomer, June Roselle. The bands of Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz play all evening. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance orchestra is in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—Beneath the entertainingly sardonic deers' heads in the Carnaval Room, Emil Coleman communes with his piano and dance band, and Jan Brunesco's gypsies fill in. Closed Sundays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Ray Anthony's orchestra for dancing during dinner and supper in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Now that the mice are away in school again, the cats will start playing around here as of old. Dance music by an orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The cheering patter of tiny feet is again audible in this ancient château. They belong to, among others, Bill Norvas, the Upstarts, Beverlee Dennis, Chuck Brunner, and Betty Lorraine, who all dance, talk, or sing a wide-awake musical-comedy setting for Carmen Torres' vivid and neatly done Spanish arias. Panchito's band and Emile Petti's orchestra make dance music.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Empire Room, Les Compagnons de la Chanson, whose French lyrics may test you to the limit but whose pantomime makes everything wonderfully clear. Pierre d'Angelo and Ana toss a few dance steps and each other around. Nat Brandwynne's and Mischa Borr's bands are on deck all night long, and the others show up at dinner and supper. Sundays, Mr. Borr's group plays until twelve by itself. . . . ¶ The Peacock Lounge has Don Rodney's dance music from seven until one. On Monday, Jan. 14, Michael Zarin will assume his assignment. Closed Sundays.

Note—The high-in-the-sky Rainbow Room, an intimate rendezvous no larger than Hudson Bay, is open, but only for cocktails, from four-thirty to nine. There is soft music now and then, and not a single taxi horn. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the oldest of all the family retainers, starts his enthusiastic dance music at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **TONI'S CAPRICE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): A well-dressed and salubrious hideaway, where Louis Hawkins, a host in the very best Southern tradition, keeps the local piano in a fine state of resonance. He larks about from six to nine, and again from eleven to dawn. Van Wood, a personable young Continental, starts singing mood music at nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): From ten to one weekdays, except Mondays, and from nine to twelve Sundays, Ralph Strain fills this starlit glade with his rich, romantic piano études. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Hustle and bustle, hustle and bustle all week long. Sonny Kendis and his febrile trio help the customers whoop it up at dinner and supper, except Sundays. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): An almost prehistoric play pen, affording piano and violin (of sorts) after nine-thirty for the North Shore set. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain the way it looks in the posters, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Mondays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): A boisterous example of 1960 décor, amid which Harry Meyerowitz plays piano at cocktails, and Rudy Timfield does the same during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney's portfolio of piano music is, like his execution of it, knowledgeable and nostalgic. He plays from nine o'clock on. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, almost the last practitioner of the unelectrified guitar, amuses his dinner and supper guests with song, dance, banter, and just plain romance. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): John Mehegan's piano is of the complex modern school, but cheerful. He's there during dinner and supper, except Sundays, when Harold Cooke presides. . . . **LA VIE EN ROSE,** 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): The Coast must be

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

clear now. Here's still another Hollywood escapist, Anita Ellis, whose soprano is sometimes much too dramatic. Through Saturday, Jan. 12, there'll also be Les Mains d'Yves Joly, a wise and witty group of pantomimers. Dancing.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Jackie Miles, one of Broadway's younger prophets, and Mitzi Green, whose humor is more lyric. Harrison and Fisher dance, and there are eight or nine million other spécialités de la maison. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Folk music by Josh White, the dean of his particular industry. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Precisely what the name implies. Not for introverts or people who don't like sawdust with their beer. Paul Killiam's running comment on some old silent movies is the icing on this particular cake. Visiting performers Mondays at midnight. No dishes or other door prizes, though. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the back room, there's educated fun for everyone—Charles Trenet's *contes drolatiques,* set to the music of Eadie and Rack's pianos; Kirkwood and Goodman's frenzied flights of pure fantasy; and the songs of Marti Stevens, a quiet and beguiling little lady. On Tuesday, Jan. 15, they bow out in favor of the Delta Rhythm Boys and Portia Nelson, a pet nightingale on these premises. Behind all this, the piano of Stuart Ross and the blithe sounds of the Ellis Larkin Trio. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Bart Howard operates his thoughtful piano at dinner, except Tuesdays, and after the theatre, except Saturdays, Eadie and Rack while away the night with their piano duets. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk's institution of higher humor offers Mickey Deems' brash survey of the American scene, Bibi Osterwald's big-blonde moose calls, the Three Riffs' bantering ballads, and Bud McCreery's odd little recitations. The eminent Norman Paris Trio is on the bandstand. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): One of the season's catches—Harry Belafonté, singing folk songs from everywhere. Phil Leeds, a diffident but entertaining funnyman, is the local jokesmith. On Friday, Jan. 11, he'll be joined by a new trio of comedians, the Animators. Between shows, the solid dance music of Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Karl Lynch. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Nancy Andrews, that trumpeter swan, making three-point landings with the authority and gusto of a DC-6. She'll be here at least through Monday, Jan. 14, and probably longer. Jeff Warren sings youthfully and well, Bob Downey and Harold Fonville rip off peppery piano duets, and Hazel Webster, of course, is the solo pianist. Antique movies on Sundays; amateur nights Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer offers her special pleading in behalf of love. Sam Hamilton accompanies her cream-of-the-crop songs and plays solo piano the rest of the time. The scene is the small loft over the tumultuous Show Spot bar. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The clearly shatterproof Mae Barnes is still rolling out her barrelhouse ballads. Tony and Eddie, those vigorous spoofers of injudicious recordings, are on deck, too, and so are the Three Flames, whose words and music (especially those of Tiger Haines) have four-wheel drive. There are also songs by Jimmie Daniels, who's a romanticist at heart, and piano by Norene Tate and Garland Wilson. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): In this breezy emporium, the variations on themes by Tin Pan Alley are usually intricate and always raucous. The prime mover is Wild Bill Davison, and Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and sometimes Mr. Condon help him let joy reign unrefined. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): This commodious chophouse is open every night, affording, after nine, except Sundays, the unobtrusive fretwork of Red Norvo's inventive trio (Tal Farlow is on guitar) and the more extrovert operations of Joe Bushkin, who serves as thinker-out-loud, as pianist, and as leader of three excellent confreres—Jo and Jonah Jones, and Milt Hinton. Barbara Carroll (bebop in an off-the-shoulders dress) also operates her trio from the piano, except Mondays. Sundays, Bobby Hackett leads his commandos into action. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band is shivering the timbers here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey's band, which contains Henry Goodwin, Pops Foster, Dick Wellstood, and Tommy Benford, goes blampety-blamp until all hours. Don Frye, the interlude pianist, is part of the lease. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Lester Young's band is the main event around here. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): There's a razzle-dazzle here every Friday night. Jan. 11, the principals will be Oran Page, Max Kaminsky, Wild Bill Davison, Bud Freeman, Lou McGarity, George Wettling, Bobby Byrne, Jimmy McPartland, and Pee Wee Russell. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night fun in a boiler factory. Jan. 11, Willie the Lion Smith, Sol Yaged, Big Chief Russell Moore, Art Trappier, Red Allen, and Conrad Janis's band should be looking in. There'll be a reprise on Sunday, Jan. 13, at 3. Dancing.

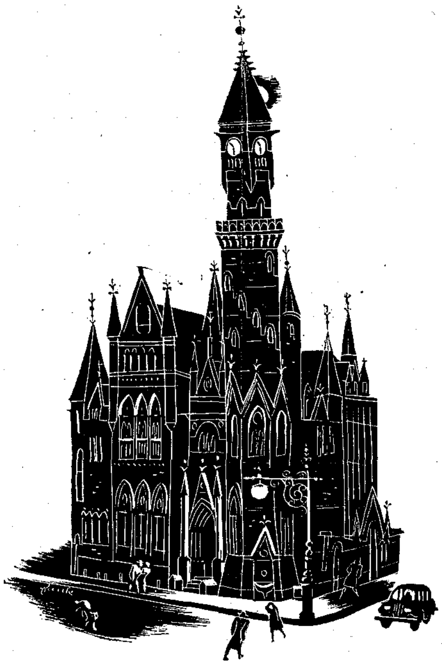
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

VIRGINIA BERRESFORD—Owls and the sea are among the subjects of twelve paintings here; through Jan. 16. (Levitt, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.)



ROBERTO CRIPPA—Paintings, swiftly linear in style, in a first American showing by one of the younger Italian moderns; through Jan. 31. (Iolas, 46 E. 57th St.)

GERTRUDE GREENE—Abstract oils, many of them in black-and-white but with an airy quality that softens their severity; through Jan. 12. (Borgenicht, 65 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30, and Monday evenings until 9.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: A selection of paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, including Homer, Ryder, Ratkai, and Jackson; through Jan. 31. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 32 E. 57th St.: Small sculptures, plus prints and drawings, by Max Kahn, André Ruellan, and Karl Schrag, among others; through Jan. 12. . . . **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Oils and sculptures by Tanguy, Roszak, Giacometti, and others, along with a single sculpture by Matisse; through Jan. 31. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: Alfred H. Maurer, Ben-Zion, Sue Fuller, Marsden Hartley, and others, in a showing of works in crayon and gouache; through Jan. 19. . . . **CURT VALENTIN,** 32 E. 57th St.: Contemporary European and American oils and sculptures, including works by Max Beckmann, Lionel Feininger, and Paul Klee; through Jan. 12.

PHILIP GUSTON—Paintings, from 1949 to 1951, by one of the younger abstract Expressionists; through Jan. 26. (Peridot, 6 E. 12th St.)

LEONID—Seashore subjects, painted in Europe and along the New England coast; through Jan. 26. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

JOHN MARIN—Ten oils and ten water colors, done during 1951 by this American master, who is now in his eighties; through Jan. 26. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

MODERN DRAWINGS—Six works apiece by Picasso, Matisse, Modigliani, and Léger, in both black-and-white and color; through Feb. 2. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.)

SCULPTURE OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC—A small but magnificent collection of Polynesian and other Oceanic native carvings, many of them rare; through Jan. 15. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.)

FRANCES WEISS—Four large metal sculptures in the shapes of animals (a camel and a kangaroo, for instance), designed for use as playground equipment; through Jan. 19. (De Nagy, 206 E. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Chaim Gross; through Jan. 26. . . . **JANIS,** 15 E. 57th St.: Josef Albers; through Jan. 26. . . . **KOOTZ,** 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Adolph Gottlieb; through Jan. 26. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 17 E. 57th St.: William Palmer; through Jan. 26. . . . **MILCH,** 55 E. 57th St.: Frank di Gioia; through Jan. 26. . . . **PARSONS,** 15 E. 57th St.: Marjorie Liebman and Ad Reinhardt; through Jan. 26. . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER,** 167 E. 69th St.: Cleo Hartwig, Ellen Key-Oberg, and Barbara Lekberg; through Jan. 25. Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred Rouault prints from the Museum's collection; through Feb. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Jewish ceremonial objects from the collection presented to the Museum during the past ten years by H. G. Friedman, along with paintings by Edouard Moysé. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Selected Old Masters and other works from the Harkness Collection, all given or bequeathed to the Museum. . . . ¶ A nostalgic array of memorabilia, from or about the Crystal Palace Fair in London, commemorating its centenary anniversary; through Feb. 17. . . . ¶ A rather awkwardly arranged but generally interesting display of sculptures by American contemporaries; through Feb. 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred paintings and sculptures by Matisse, plus prints and illustrated books, and his designs for the Dominican Chapel of the

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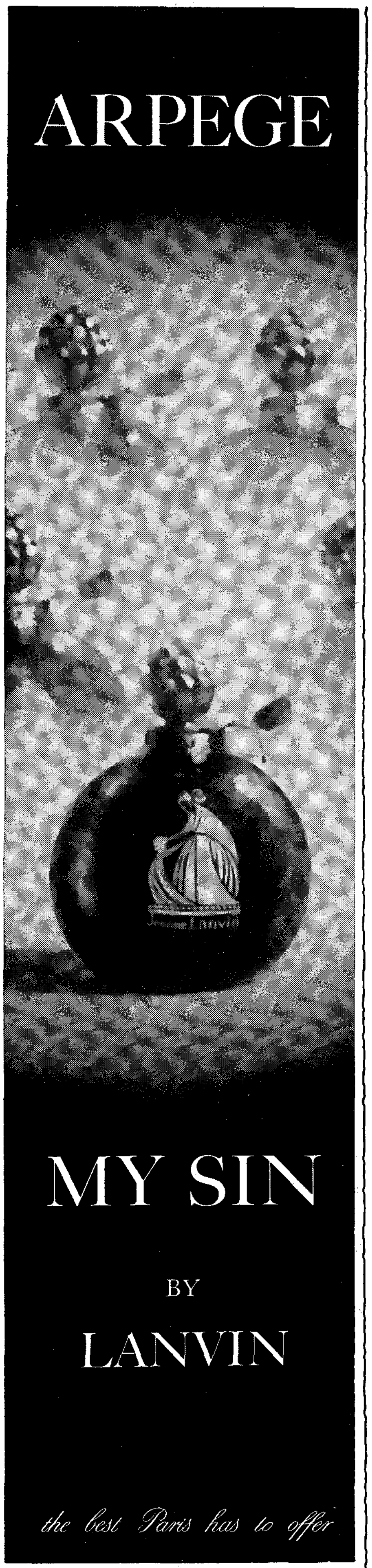


BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Rosary, at Vence, France; through Jan. 13. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A group showing by Europeans and Americans; through Feb. 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—A retrospective of the works of John Sloan, who died last September. The exhibition comprises ninety-eight paintings, sixty-seven etchings, and forty-three drawings, as well as a number of lithographs and illustrations. (Daily, except Mondays, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8:15: "Gianni Schicchi" (in English), with Roberta Peters, Jean Madeira, Salvatore Baccaloni, and Lorenzo Alvary; and "Salome," with Ljuba Welitch, Elizabeth Hoengen, Set Svanholm, and Hans Hotter. (A benefit for the Free Milk Fund for Babies; for tickets, call BR 9-9000.) . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 11, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Paula Lenchner, Jan Peerce, and Renato Capecchi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Blanche Thebom, Patrice Munsel, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and John Brownlee. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Aïda," with Zinka Milanov, Margaret Harshaw, Kurt Baum, and Giuseppe Valdengo. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 14, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Mildred Miller, Giacinto Prandelli, and Frank Valentino. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Herta Glaz, Jan Peerce, and Paolo Silveri. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8:15: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Blanche Thebom, Patrice Munsel, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and John Brownlee. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 18, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Bidu Sayão, Patrice Munsel, Giacinto Prandelli, and Giuseppe Valdengo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2: "Gianni Schicchi" (in English), with Roberta Peters, Jean Madeira, Salvatore Baccaloni, and Thomas Hayward; and "Salome," with Ljuba Welitch, Elizabeth Hoengen, Set Svanholm, and Hans Hotter. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:30: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lily Pons, Thelma Votipka, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Renato Capecchi. (A benefit for the Rand School; for tickets, call AL 5-6250.)

Masque and Lyre Light Opera—"The Yeomen of the Guard." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-6453. Thursdays through Saturdays, at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Guido Cantelli conducting: Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8:45; Friday, Jan. 11, at 2:30; and Sunday, Jan. 13, at 2:30 (all with Clifford Curzon, piano); and Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8:45; Friday, Jan. 18, at 2:30; and Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:45 (all with Rudolf Firkusny, piano).

Boston Symphony—Ernest Ansermet conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8:45, and Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

José Iturbi—Playing the piano and conducting the R.C.A. Victor Symphony Orchestra in four concertos. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2:30.)

Manhattan Chamber Orchestra—Charles Schiff conducting. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

De Paur's Infantry Chorus—Leonard de Paur directing. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

The Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8:45.)

RECITALS

Fernando Valenti—Harpsichord. (Town Hall. Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

Anahid and Maro Ajemian—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.) . . . ¶ With Nadia Reisenberg, piano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8:40.) . . . ¶ With Milton Katims, viola. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

Zino Francescatti—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

New Friends of Music—The Loewenguth Quartet in an all-Beethoven program. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 5:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—Piano music composed and played by Joseph Goodman, Henry Holden Huss, and Otto Luening, along with works by Harold Triggs and David Van Vactor performed by Vera Brodsky, piano; Mildred and John Wummer, flutes; and others. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Musicians' Guild—The Kroll Quartet; Lillian Fuchs, viola; Frank Sheridan, piano; Leonard Rose, cello; and Robert McGinnis, clarinet. (Town Hall. Monday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

Marian Anderson—Contralto. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

Jakob Gimpel—Piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

Ruggiero Ricci—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

Ernst Wolff—Tenor. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

Adele Addison—Soprano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

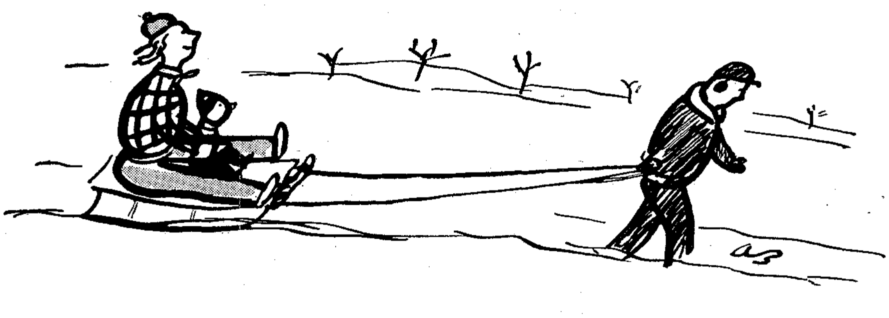
William Kapell—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

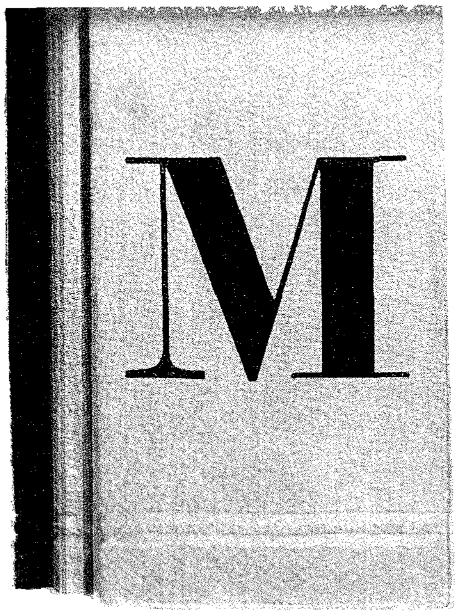
Note—The Budapest String Quartet will give a chamber-music recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 20, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 15, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Rocky Castellani vs. Ernie Durando,





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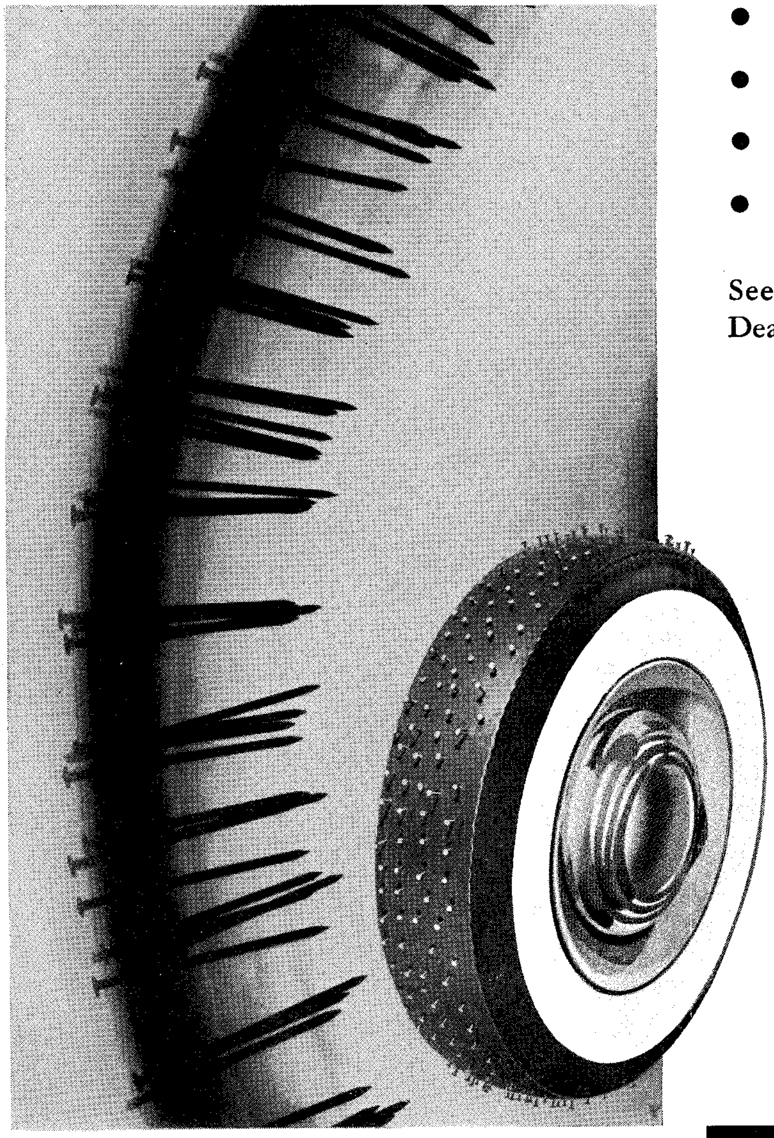

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 11. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Fencing—Olympic Tryouts—Men's open individual épée. (Fencers' Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898. Saturday, Jan. 12, at noon.) . . . ¶ Women's open individual foil. (Saltus Club, Y.M.C.A., 215 W. 23rd St. CH 3-1982. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 1.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Jan. 13: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 16: Rangers vs. Chicago. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Indoor Polo—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Track—Metropolitan A.A.U. senior indoor track and field championships. (South Field, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 12:30. . . . ¶ 102nd Regiment Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 7:30.)

Wrestling—Seven matches, among them Antonino Rocca vs. Prima Carnera; Lou Thesz vs. Bob Lanogoff; and Gene Stanlee vs. Don Jarque. For the benefit of the American Campaign for Italian Flood Relief. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Jan. 14. Preliminaries at 8:15; main bouts at 10.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's New York activities will be more or less quiescent, as far as the visiting public is concerned, until after the current meeting of the General Assembly in Paris, which is expected to wind up around the end of February. However, debates of the Paris meeting are being filmed and shown here later over WCBS-TV, Mondays through Fridays at 6, and Sundays at 3. Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

National Motor Boat Show—The forty-second annual display of inboards, outboards, sailboats, dinghies, cruisers, and everything that goes with them. Among the added attractions this year will be a marine historical exhibit from Mystic, Conn., and a thirty-foot sloop that is being brought over from Holland. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 47th St. Friday, Jan. 11, from 7 to 11, and weekdays thereafter, from 11 to 11; through Saturday, Jan. 19.)

Poetry Reading—A presentation by Archibald MacLeish of some of his works. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8:40.)

Hayden Planetarium—The January show is called "Mysteries of the Milky Way." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8: Paintings, drawings, prints, and bronzes by modern French artists, among them Dufy, Renoir, Matisse, and Maillol, owned by Stanley N. Barbee and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, at 1:45: Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century French furniture and objects of art, as well as Meissen and other porcelains, tapestries, and paintings, the property of Mrs. Ogden L. Mills and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 15-16, at 1:45: Art reference books, from the library of Harriman Douglas. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 17-19, at 1:45: American furniture of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, early American quilts, paintings and drawings by artists of European and American schools, and decorations, from the estate of the late Edith B. Tranter and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 12.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

An American in Paris—Gershwin's lively tunes, plenty of nimble dancing and an effortlessly moving book all help to make this one of the best musical films in a long time. Gene Kelly is our compatriot abroad. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave., at 79th, BU 8-9468; Jan. 13-15. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Jan. 15-16. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Jan. 16.)

Detective Story—A tumultuous view of a police precinct in action, taken from the play by Sidney Kingsley. Kirk Douglas is the storied detective, and milling about him are Eleanor Parker, Horace McMahon, Joseph Wiseman, William Bendix, Lee Grant, and Luis Van Rooten. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

The Lavender Hill Mob—A comic English film, with Alec Guinness happily cast as a mousy employee of the Bank of England who manages to steal a million pounds in gold and baffle all the police in Britain. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Miracle in Milan—De Sica's treatment of an Italian fantasy about a lad who is so full of ingenuity and virtue that he transforms a shantytown into a popular residential area, and gets help from Heaven when some enterprising capitalists try to toss him and his pals out of their huts. A very funny film most of the time. Winner of the New York Film Critics' Award as the best foreign film of 1951. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Quo Vadis—Christians vs. pagans in a first-century bout that suffers from the lack of a timekeeper. Robert Taylor, 29,999 other actors, and a zooful of livestock are fitfully visible. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

The Red Badge of Courage—A naïve, but sometimes effective, version of Stephen Crane's story about a boy who comes of age, as a consequence of serving in battle with the Union Army in the Civil War. With Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Jan. 14-16. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 15-16.)

The River—An adaptation of Rumer Godden's novel about life in India, directed by Jean Renoir with a perceptive eye for subtle drama and colorful Bengalese backgrounds. The picture, which was filmed on location, includes in its cast Arthur Shields, Nora Swinburne, and a remarkable young Indian actress named Radha. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134. Showings at 2:40 and 8:40; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:40, and Saturday evenings at 11:40. Reserved seats only.)

Strangers on a Train—Alfred Hitchcock has certainly done better than this, but even here he has a lot of ingenious tricks to show his fellow-moviemakers. The thing has to do, as you might expect, with murder, the chase, and incidental whimsies. Farley Granger, Robert Walker, and Ruth Roman do their best for the Master. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Jan. 16, tentative.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—Tennessee Williams in celluloid. Not as enthralling, perhaps, as the Pulitzer Prize play from which it derives, but a fine movie nevertheless. With Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden. Winner of the New York Film Critics' 1951 Award. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Jan. 16. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Jan. 11-12. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Jan. 13.)

Tales of Hoffmann—An overblown British treatment of the famous opera, danced by one group onscreen, sung by another off, and filmed against preposterous sets. With Robert Rounseville, Leonide Massine, Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Robert Helpmann. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Tony Draws a Horse—English whimsey exploiting a number of the more peculiar facets of British society. A bit too broad to be entirely satisfactory, but amusing nevertheless. With Cecil Parker and Anne Crawford. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Jan. 13-15.)

REVIVALS

Caesar and Cleopatra (1946)—G. B. Shaw's conception of the conqueror. An English film, with Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Dark Victory (1939)—Bette Davis as a fatally ill heiress. George Brent and Humphrey Bogart are also in it. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Jan. 10, tentative.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Love on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Jan. 11.)

Lifeboat (1944)—Tallulah Bankhead and various other people set adrift by Alfred Hitchcock. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 11-12.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Jan. 10, tentative.)

The Mudlark (1950)—The tale of an urchin who bursts into Windsor Castle and makes Victoria (Irene Dunne) stop brooding about the late Albert. With Andrew Ray. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Jan. 10.)

Pépé Le Moko (1941)—Life in the Casbah. A French film, with Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 10.)

A Royal Scandal (1945)—Tallulah Bankhead as Catherine, Empress of All the Russias. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 11.)

Smoky (1946)—Fred MacMurray and Burl Ives in an easygoing adaptation of the Will James novel. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Jan. 12.)

Trio (1950)—The second English screen translation of Somerset Maugham stories. With Jean Simmons and James Hayter. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Jan. 16, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Jan. 13, showings at 3: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1921), with Rudolph Valentino and Alice Terry. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 14, showings at 3 and 5:30: "The Story of Gosta Berling" (1924), with Greta Garbo. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
QUO VADIS.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Jan. 16 (tentative): "Westward the Women," Robert Taylor, Denise Darcel.

Cinema 48, 121 W. 48th. (CI 5-4246)
"Passion for Life" (in French).

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"I Want You," Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"My Favorite Spy," Bob Hope, Hedy Lamarr.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
DETECTIVE STORY.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Greatest Show on Earth," Betty Hutton, Charlton Heston.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Jan. 15: "Double Dynamite!," Jane Russell, Groucho Marx.
From Jan. 16: "Scandal Sheet," Broderick Crawford, Donna Reed.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Decision Before Dawn," Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Jan. 10: "Elopement," Clifton Webb, Anne Francis.
From Jan. 11: "The Model and the Marriage Broker," Jeanne Crain, Scott Brady.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through Jan. 16 (tentative): "The Wild Blue Yonder," Wendell Corey, Vera Ralston.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Death of a Salesman," Fredric March, Mildred Dunnock.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Through Jan. 14: "Distant Drums," Gary Cooper, Mari Aldon.
From Jan. 15: "Room for One More," Betsy Drake, Cary Grant.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
MIRACLE IN MILAN (in Italian).

(Advertisement)

W
Larry Reynolds

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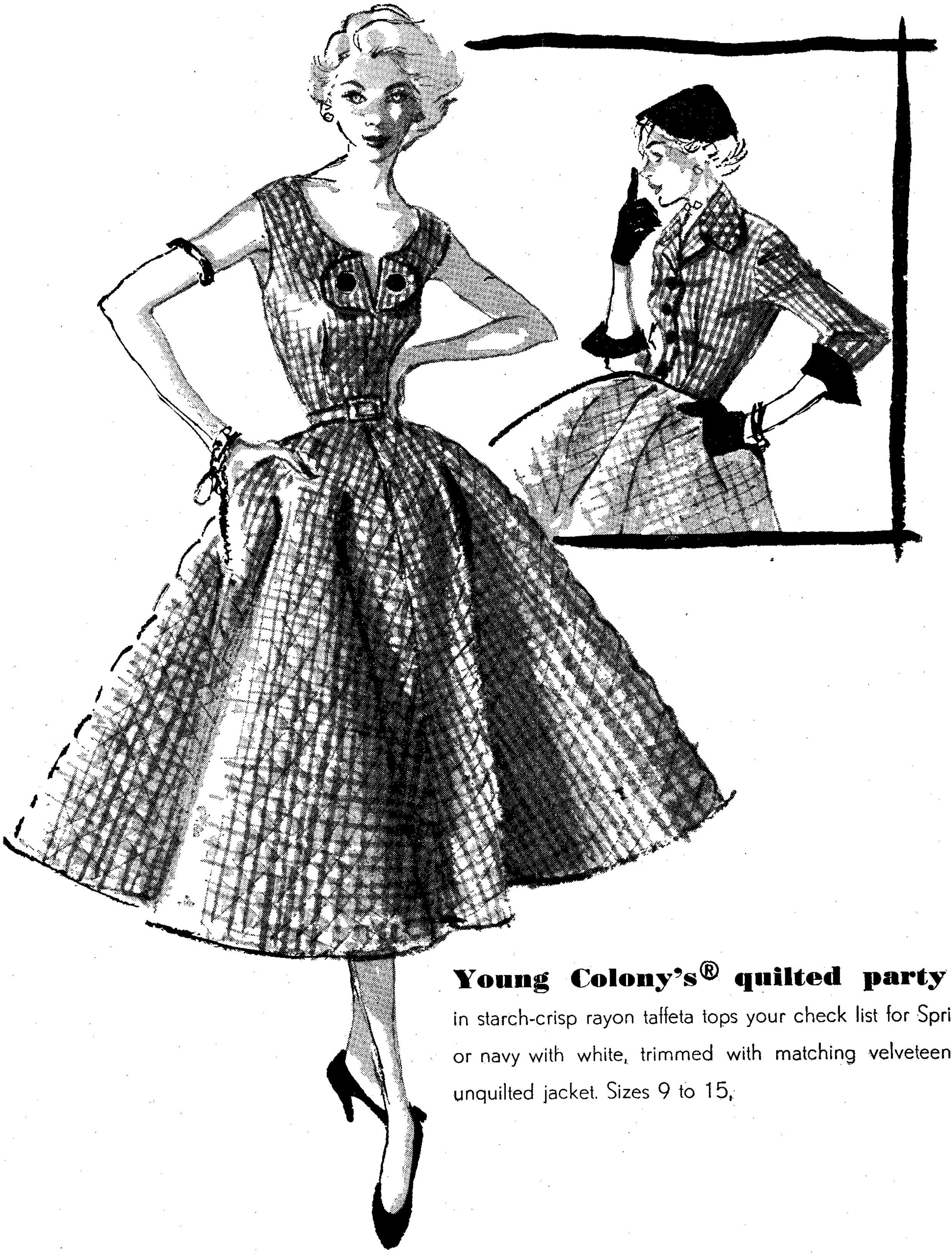

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

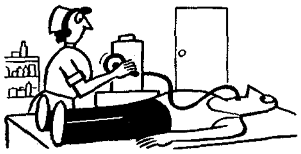
Notes and Comment

OUR first communication of the year 1952 was a card from a seed company, and this seemed a good omen. A new bush bean, rich in flavor. A new pickle, early, dark green, delicious. A new muskmelon, thick orange flesh of top quality. A new petunia, giant fringed, dwarfish. So starts the year on a note of planning and dreaming. The card went on to chide us—said no order had been received from us since 1949. That is a fantastic accusation; we virtually supported that seed house last year and the year before and the year before, back into the dim, infertile past. However, we don't expect seed companies to keep accurate records; the whole business is so wild, so riotous, so complex, it's no wonder they forget who their own best friends are. If there is any doubt on that score, though, we will gladly send the management a jar of our wife's green-tomato pickle from last summer's crop—dark green, spicy, delicious, costlier than pearls when you figure the overhead.

OUR second communication of the year came from the New York Dress Institute, giving us the results of the balloting for the best-dressed women of 1951. A new princess, early, top quality. An old duchess, fringed, delicious. Mrs. William Paley, of New York. Mme. Louis Arpels, of Paris *and* New York. Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, Mrs. Byron Foy, and so on. Like the seed house, the Dress Institute failed to state by what standards the contenders are judged. And the Institute takes a narrow view of the subject. To our mind, the best-dressed women of 1951 were legion; they were the working girls who, on a salary of forty-five dollars per week before withholding, somehow managed to step out of the elevator in the morning looking as though money were no consideration.

SPEAKING of withholding, we still worry about it as a technique. Nobody else does, apparently (except maybe Vivien Kellems), but we do. The principle of withholding strikes us as inconsistent with the theory of a democratic republic, and capable of wearing it down to nothing while building it up financially. Withholding assumes that the citizen is either lazy or incompetent or dishonest or irresponsible, or all four. Such an assumption, although it doesn't kill off an individual right away, nibbles away at him and leaves him diminished. We see no future for a republic that rides along on this infamous assumption. We'd rather have it lose several million dollars a year in uncollected taxes than try to sustain itself on the idea that the taxpayer is a lightweight, if not a crook.

PUMPING out a man's stomach to get evidence is, the Supreme Court feels, a method too close to the rack and the screw. That is precisely the way we felt about it one morning when we had ours pumped out by a nurse who was trying to get something on us. In our case, the pump was sprung on us without warning. (We thought it was a length of garden hose.) The nurse didn't even have the graciousness to wish us joy of the worm. Nothing had been said in advance, no permission had been granted, and by the time we took in what was happening, we were not in a position to deny permission, as we couldn't speak. The evidence, it pleases us to recall, turned out unconvincing: no capsules, no straight pins, no roller-skate keys—just a rather pitiable chemical condition that had been brought about largely by the hose itself. The proceedings left us shaken, and as soon as we got free, we did the sensible thing—took a drink to kill the rubber. Ever since that morning, we have been wary of doctors' offices and no medical man has been able to discover anything useful about our health. We learned to keep our trap shut in doctors' offices, and to watch a nurse's other hand.



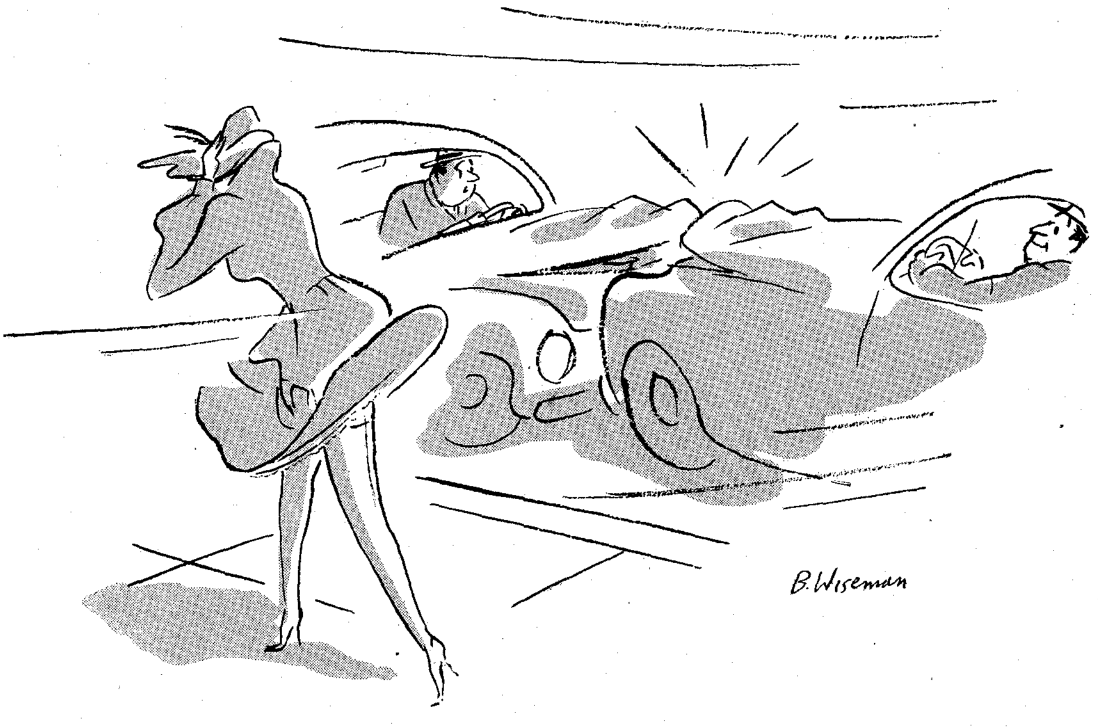
RUSSIA had a fine year in agriculture and industry in 1951, and so did the United States of America. Pig iron, steel, coal, and oil were riding high. Harvests went bumpering along. Everybody in both countries worked, worried, bought, sold, produced, consumed, and hated—all at high indexes. A cold war seems to provide the perfect climate for the economy of the world's two largest countries, and it doesn't make any particular difference whether the economy is capitalist or Communist. Hate is the yeast in both our loaves, fear is the fuel that heats both our ovens. Meanwhile, the small countries eat sawdust and ashes, and even we of the big countries find our abundance tasting stale in our mouths. Neither a Russian dictator nor an American industrialist likes to admit that hate is a business asset. We Americans hear it hinted at only occasionally, in financial dope sheets; the Russians presumably never hear it at all. But there it is. To counterbalance it, we have a mere gleam in the sky; we have the tide of federalism in Europe, where coal and steel have grown in stature, where national boundaries have become weaker and fainter, instead of stronger and clearer. This streak in the sky is the thing to watch if we are to continue to hope that there will someday be some sense in the world—abundance without fear, freedom without hate.

The Smell of Dust

THE Profile of the late Joseph Duveen that appeared in this magazine a few months ago recounted that, having decided to erect an art gallery here appropriate to the fortunes and impressibility of the Americans whose house of worship it was to be, Duveen chose as his model the enormous mid-eighteenth-century Ministry of Marine building in Paris. This was in 1911, and Duveen had just taken a lease on a plot of ground at the northwest corner of Fifty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue. Characteristically, the gap between hard fact and Duveen's opulent fancy looked unbridgeable, the Ministry of Marine being over three hundred feet long and Duveen's frontage on Fifth Avenue being fifty feet; no less characteristically, Duveen was undaunted. He called in a brace of architects—one from Paris, the other from Philadelphia—and got them to design a thirty-room gallery that resembles, but does not quite copy, one of the elegant wings terminating the façade of the Ministry of Marine. Though it is a trifle pinched in width and has a mansard roof instead of a balustrade, the building is one of the handsomest on the Avenue, and we are saddened to report that its days may be numbered. The Duveen concern moved to smaller quarters in September, after deciding not to renew its lease for a third twenty-year period. (The lease was for a maximum of eighty years, with a rent, on a sliding scale, that started at $40,000 a year and remained comparatively low because Duveen paid the taxes and was improving the site at a cost of a million dollars or more.) The gallery having reverted to the owner of the land, the George Kemp Real Estate Company, it is now, with the land, up for sale or lease. The difficulty is to find a commercial purchaser or tenant for a building that was contrived to flout every ordinary commercial consideration; no matter who takes it on, the chances are that when the present restrictions on building are removed, the gallery will be either razed or drastically remodelled.

We made a tour of the premises one day last week, with Alexander L. Campbell, the secretary of the Kemp company. Campbell, a Scot, stops in at the building once a week to check the steam meter with the steam-company man. We met him on the doorstep, and he told us that the Kemp for whom the firm is named was a wealthy wholesale pharmacist who died in 1893, and that Kemp's house stood on the site of the gallery; the Kemp company also owns the land on which Saks Fifth Avenue is built. "Mr. Kemp had great faith in Fifth Avenue," Campbell said, and risked the ghost of a smile. Armed with a flashlight, he led the way into the shadowy interior of the building. The steam was turned low, and the stone walls were cold to the touch. Someone had stepped out the butt of a cigarette on the black-and-white marble floor of the entrance hall, and we detected on the still air the smell of dust. Campbell located an electric panel and switched on lights at random, bringing into view a broad stone staircase that spiralled up into darkness, an elevator door, and, through an open doorway, a panelled library, with row upon row of empty shelves. Duveen's private office was at the rear of the building. On its bare parquet floor was a block of wood, attached by a frayed wire to an electric outlet and bearing a number of pearly buzzer buttons. By each button was a name: Morgan, Jarman, McCall . . . "Left over from Duveen's time," Campbell said. "He died in '39."

We took the elevator to the upper floors, Campbell darting ahead at every stop to switch on lights, then darting back to switch them off again. The building has five floors, plus a basement and sub-basement. (We found the only relics of forty years of Duveen Brothers in the pipe-forested sub-basement—two stone bases of statues, apparently too heavy to remove.) On each of the upper floors were five or six galleries of different sizes, their walls panelled in pale silk or wood; scattered rectangles of rougher, darker silk showed where paintings had once hung. The ceilings of the rooms were all of extraordinary height—most of them at least eighteen feet, and one, in a room on the fifth floor that was used to display tapestries, well over twenty feet. Like a house that has been locked up and abandoned, maybe forever, the building seemed to have been drained of every particle of accumulated life. The rooms we walked through were worse than merely unfurnished and unkempt; they were dead. "Fine piece of property for the right party!" Campbell said, with his hand on the front door. His voice ricocheted from wall to wall, mocking him with "Party! Party!," and he opened the door and stepped outside.

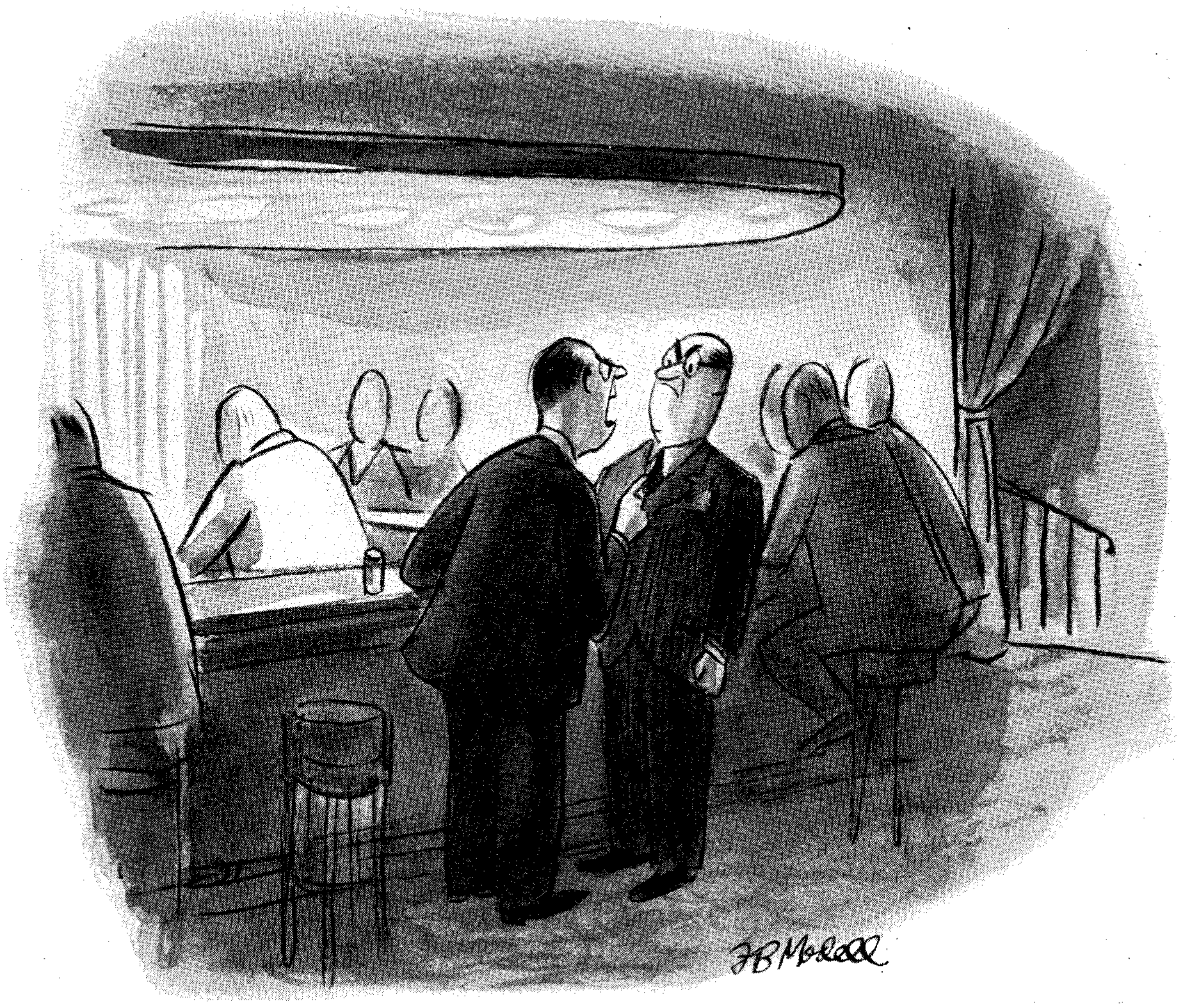


100 Proof

A MAN whose daughter was in the habit of keeping distilled water in an old gin bottle for use in a steam iron missed a bottle of gin he had placed on a closet shelf. He gave the iron an inspired sniff, and, yes, his daughter had used the wrong bottle, by juniper!

So Long

NOW that the penny postal card is one with Nineveh and, if you come right down to it, Tyre, the New York Post Office is hard at work revaluing some twenty-nine million of these delightful artifacts. That's the total number of cards that the local postal people were caught with when the two-cent rate went into effect, on the first of the month. The cards are now being run through machines called Tickometers, which we think is what *all* machines should be called; on every card, just to the left of the familiar green likeness of Jefferson, the Tickometers print a legend, also in green, reading, "Revalued, 2¢, P.O. Dept." At the moment, the only cards on sale hereabouts are brand-new two-centers. They bear a red likeness of thrifty old Ben Franklin, who, we heard a man say recently, "would be turning in his grave if he were alive today." The first of the revalued penny postals will be on sale as soon as they can be dispatched to the various branch offices, which should be some time this week. If you have stacks of unused penny postals on hand, you have nothing to worry about, of course; just stick on an extra one-cent stamp.



"My old man could have licked your old man any day of the week."

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The old penny postal cards are being revalued at the Morgan postal station, at Ninth Avenue and Thirtieth Street, and we stopped in there a few mornings ago to see how the job was coming along. We were promptly taken in tow by George A. Bergen, local Superintendent of Postal Finance. A white-haired, soft-spoken man, Bergen informed us that he had worked in the Post Office for thirty-eight years, then whisked us to the sixth floor and into a vast room filled with neat piles of postal supplies. Among the supplies were bags of twine, for tying up bundles of letters, and hundreds of shiny green mailboxes, waiting to be installed on street corners. On the far side of the room, five Tickometers, each manned by a couple of clerks, were clattering away like submachine guns. As we approached them, Bergen raised his voice, with a visible effort, to say that the Post Office had two shifts working on revaluing and that they were putting through six hundred thousand cards every working day. At that rate, he said, it would take two and a half months to get the whole batch revalued. He waved at a mountain of cartons behind the Tickometers and shouted to us, "That's what we have to work on! Ten thousand cards per carton! Twenty-nine million may seem like a lot of cards, but actually it's only about a three-week supply for an area made up of Manhattan, the Bronx, and Pelham!"

Backing away from the Tickometers, Bergen explained that besides the ordinary penny cards, the Post Office has in stock some six hundred and twenty-five thousand sheets of penny cards, forty cards to the sheet. "Lots of business firms buy them that way," he said. "If they want to print an advertisement on the card, they can run the sheets right through a press and cut them up afterward. We've also got about six million of what we call D cards—double cards. They're the kind that are fastened together, so the fellow you send one to can rip off the other half and mail it back. So far, there's been no word from Washington as to what to do with the sheets and D cards. I suggested that we cut them apart, run them through the Tickometers, and ship them out as ordinary cards, but you never know how a suggestion like that is going to be received in Washington."

After we'd had enough of the Tickometers, which didn't hold our interest *too* long, Bergen proposed that we walk upstreet and pay a call on Postmaster Albert Goldman, at the General Post Office. We did so, and were warmly greeted by Goldman, who volunteered to show us a stamp album from his collection. It proved to be a very big album. Goldman said he had added to his collection twenty-five of the old penny cards and twenty-five of the first two-centers to reach New York. "Here's an item I got in the mail the other day," he said, handing us a card that was addressed to him and dated December 31, 1951. It read:

Dear Sir,
After many years of faithful service, in one hour from now I will be gone forever,

and my son is going to take over my place. Don't let him follow me, keep him forever.

I did so much for so little. Will you please remember me at least once a year? So long everybody.

Your Penny
Postal Card.

The card had arrived stamped "Postage Due 1 Cent," and Goldman said he had paid it gladly.

Grounds

OUR latest Hollywood-child tale concerns a nine-year-old girl who advised a contemporary of her mother that her parents were about to be divorced. The recipient of this information expressed grieved surprise, whereupon the little lass continued, "No one knows what a hard life Mummy has had. Do you realize she's never had a car with a Hydra-Matic drive?"

Bacteriological Lunch

WAS it an errant impulse or a sincere desire to better ourself that sent us last week to a luncheon meeting of the New York City branch of the Society of American Bacteriologists at the Statler? Whatever it was, it propelled us to that hotel's Georgian Room, where we purchased a three-dollar meal ticket and, mingling in a large preprandial crowd, fell into conversation with Dr. Richard Donovick, director of the Division of Microbiology of E. R. Squibb & Sons' New Brunswick, New Jersey, research and development laboratories. "I've just been made head of the society's committee on public relations," he said, "and I'd like to indicate the great scope of the work that microbiology covers, but I don't quite know how to go about it, the subject's so technical. It's carried on in colleges, hospitals, industrial research laboratories, and governmental research and diagnostic laboratories, and it involves the whole fermentation industry, including antibiotics. Biochemical and even bio-engineering aspects are covered." He looked at us hopefully, and we looked at him hopefully. "Microbiology, stemming from the discovery and isolation of the causes of infectious diseases by Pasteur, Koch, and others, now also concerns itself with cures," he said. "Squibb's Division of Microbiology, for example, is chiefly interested in biosynthetic processes for obtaining such important therapeutic products as streptomycin, penicillin, and vitamins." We made a note of this, and Dr. Donovick introduced us to a knot of bacteriologists that included Dr. Morris L. Raketien, president of the Society's New York chapter; Dr. Roger Y. Stanier, of the University of California; Dr. S. H. Hutner, of the Haskins Laboratories; Dr. Merrill W. Chase, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research; Dr. John Blair, of the Hospital for Joint Diseases; and Dr. Bernard D. Davis, of the Tuberculosis Research Laboratory of the Public Health Service. "Dr. Stanier is our most exotic member," Dr. Hutner said. "He was educated at the University of British Columbia and works on weird marine organisms that feed on cellulose." Dr. Hutner himself is an authority on the anti-pernicious-anemia vitamin, B_{12}.

"The fundamental postulate in our field is that there is no such thing as a dead end in microbiological research, since work on the most obscure organism can lead to a useful discovery," Dr. Davis said.

"People have much the same kind of chemistry as bugs," Dr. Hutner informed us. "Human physiology can be studied perfectly well in yeast."

"The unity of biochemistry—that's the thing to remember," Dr. Davis remarked, and we all went into the next room, where a dozen tables were set for a hundred-odd people.

"*Wie geht's* in the virus field?" a man at our table asked a lady, and we settled down to veal cutlets and eavesdropping on a conversation about the de Fonbrune micromanipulator, a hydraulic apparatus for picking up and isolating single bacterial cells under the microscope. "No doubt about it, shikimic acid is the key to unravelling the problem of aromatic biosynthesis," we next heard. We picked up and isolated a luncheon program, and gathered from it that nine papers would be read after the meal, including ones on "Comparative Properties of Precipitating and Non-Precipitating Diphtheria Antitoxins," "The Titration of Antisera by Local Sensitization of Cavy Skin," and "Suppression of Pigment Formation *Serratia marcescens* by Chloramphenicol, Aureomycin, and Terramycin."

"You won't understand one solitary word of them," said the man at our left, an Alsatian who had penetrated our identity. "There's nothing new in them, really."

"Why did you come?" someone asked him.

"My laboratory gave me the afternoon off to come here, that's why," our neighbor replied. "I'd rather go to an auction at the Parke-Bernet Galleries."

Following lunch, Dr. Stanier rose from a dais table and launched into a discussion of the nature and relationships of bacteria. He said that ten years ago it was generally supposed that bacteria contained no plastids (units of protoplasmic matter) and possessed no sexuality, but that now the occurrence of plastids, at least in the cells of photosynthetic bacteria, seemed indicated and that sexuality in certain bacteria had been established beyond a doubt. "We're again faced with the problem of deciding just what bacteria as a whole consist of," he said. "I think it's a very challenging and paradoxical fact that most bacteriologists can't say what a bacterium is."

"You better leave before they start to read the papers," our Alsatian neighbor said. We did.

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OVERHEARD at the Plaza bar: "Of course, success in any field is a neurosis."

Form Fitting

COINCIDENTALLY with the opening last week of the United States Military Academy's sesquicentennial celebration, Jimmy Walsh, who had worked in the uniform-tailoring department of the Cadet Store for fifty years—a third of the Academy's existence—observed his semicentennial by retiring. His elder brother, Dick, retired in January, 1949, after fifty-three years and nine months of tailoring cadet uniforms. A couple of days before Jimmy formally left, one of our military buffs was in the vicinity of West Point and, after making arrangements by telephone, dropped in to have a talk with the Walsh brothers at the Cadet Store. Having arrived at a central place among the Academy buildings at about two o'clock—or, rather, fourteen hundred hours—our man inquired of a passing cadet the way to the Cadet Store, and was told briskly to proceed until he came to where a cadet and his drag were standing, then make a hard right. He did this, and soon found the Walsh brothers in the tailoring department's cutting room, where yards and yards of blue-gray material were being sliced up into cadet shape, both by hand and by machine. The Walsh brothers, each of whom is just over five feet tall and has perfectly white hair, and who are distinguishable by the fact that Dick has a small mustache and Jimmy wears glasses, explained that every plebe first gets a ready-made outfit, which is supplemented as soon as possible by form-fitting tailor-mades, both everyday and dress. "Tailoring is no simple matter here," Dick declared. "Your problem is as follows: A plebe's collar has got to be so tight that an upperclassman can't get his index finger inside it—along with the plebe's neck, I mean. In the face of this, your typical plebe comes here with a fat neck, loses ten or fifteen pounds in his first month at the Point, then *gains* twenty-five or thirty pounds. Fifty years of that is enough for any tailor."

Our man inquired about changes in the cadet uniform over the past half century, and the Walshes, after a bit of brain-racking, obliged with some dates. The white coat for parades was introduced in 1913 and has been used ever since, except for the years 1917-22; during that austere period it was eliminated because of a shortage of laundry facilities. The short overcoat—a mackinawlike garment—was introduced in 1926, abolished by a new superintendent in 1929, and reintroduced by *another* new supe in 1945. Zippers were installed on cadet trousers during the nineteen-thirties, on blouses during the Second World War. In 1945, not long before horseback riding ceased to be part of the West Point curriculum, riding breeches ceased to be part of the uniform—a memorably logical sequence of events, from all we've ever seen of Army operations. The most striking feature of the cadet uniform is, of course, the high, stiff collar, and our man learned from the Walshes that it dates back to 1816 and is considered a tradition. An effort was made to eliminate it in the late nineteen-twenties by the chief of the Cadet Hospital, who reported to the superintendent that it was causing eye trouble by constricting neck muscles. At the doctor's suggestion, a new blouse, with a roll collar, was designed by the tailors, and two cadets—one wearing a high collar and the other a roll collar—were presented to the superintendent for his approval. However, by this time there had been a change in superintendents, and the new man didn't know anything about the collar controversy. He glanced at the two uniforms and remarked only that they were too tight around the hips. Nobody thought it proper to point out the contrasting collars, and the high collar stayed.

The Walshes got to reminiscing about people. Lieutenant General Robert C. Richardson, commandant of cadets from 1929 to 1933, was, they said, the greatest man for getting and keeping the cadets dressed up; he insisted that each cadet have ten pairs of white trousers, instead of the regulation six, and six white coats, instead of the regulation four. As soon as Richardson left, the trouser-and-coat count slipped back. One of the hardest cadets to outfit was Tex Coulter, who weighed two hundred and forty pounds and later became a professional football player, while one of the neatest dressers the Walshes remember, both as a cadet and, later, as supe, was General MacArthur, who nevertheless presented a tailoring problem by putting on weight each winter and losing it each summer. General Ridgway as a cadet was conveniently shaped, and as football manager he endeared himself to the Walshes by keeping them supplied with tickets to the games. General Bradley, an ace center fielder, was pleasant but rather shy and standoffish; he was a little on the thin side, and consequently his blouses tended to wrinkle. General Eisenhower, as affable and diplomatic around the Cadet Store as in Paris, was a good football player, but he had a trick knee. He weighed a hundred and eighty pounds, and his cadet uniform fitted him like a glove.

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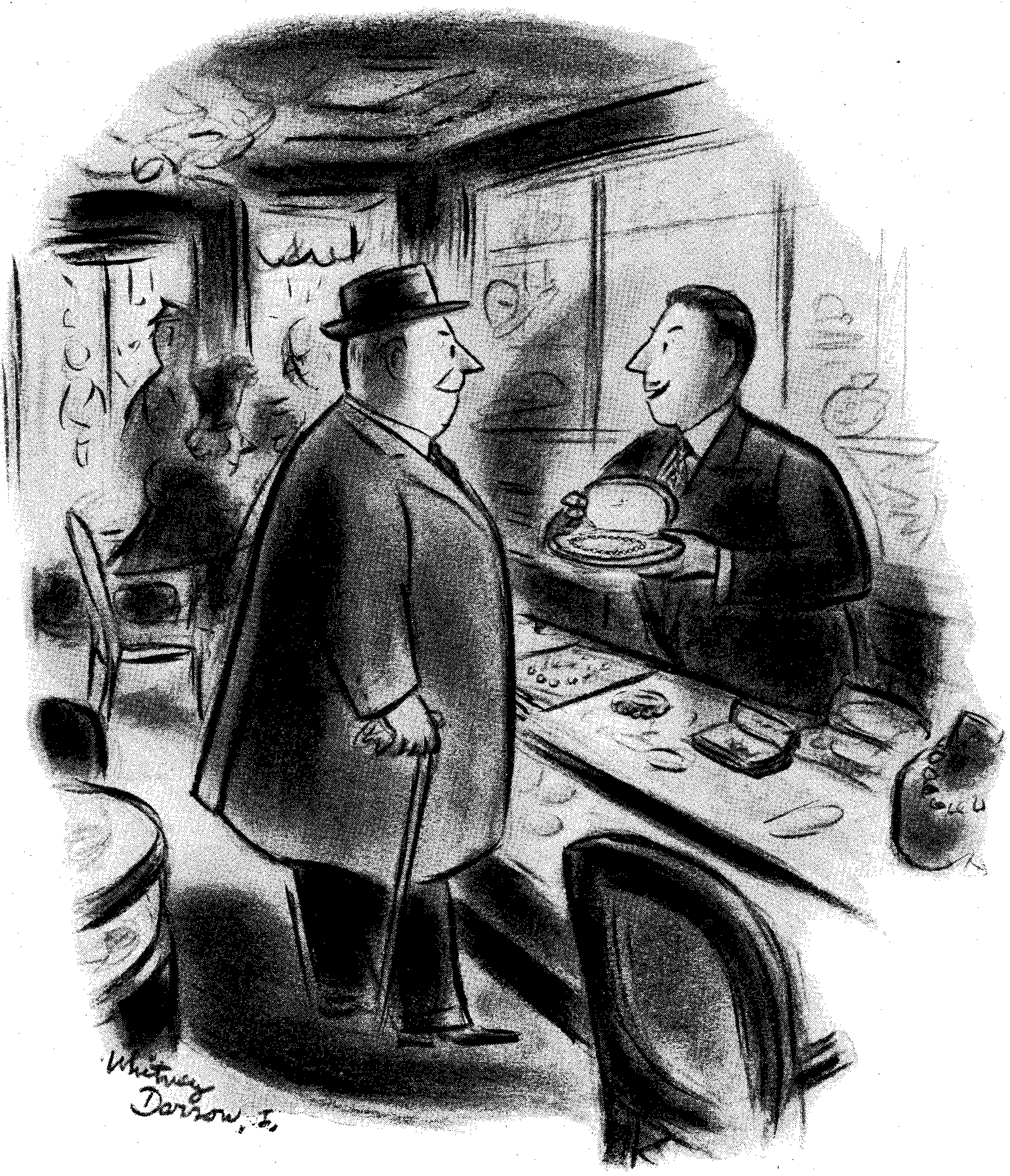
SIGN in the back window of an illegally parked car: "Emergency Piano Repair."



"If this doesn't break the ice, sir, I'd say you're barking up the wrong tree."

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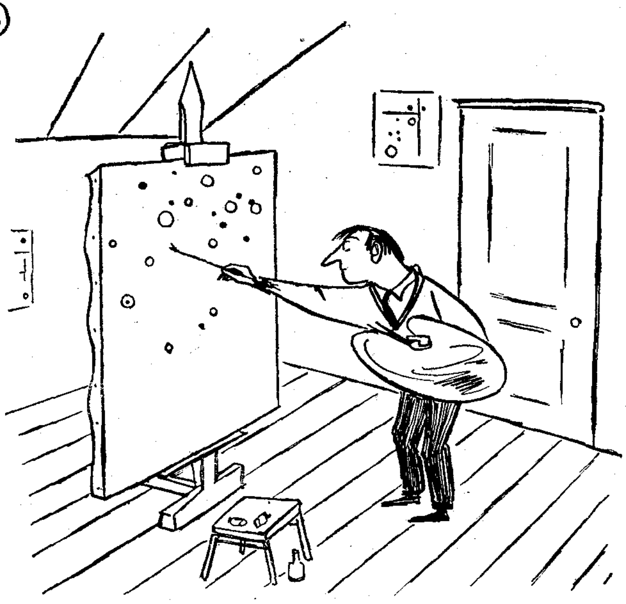

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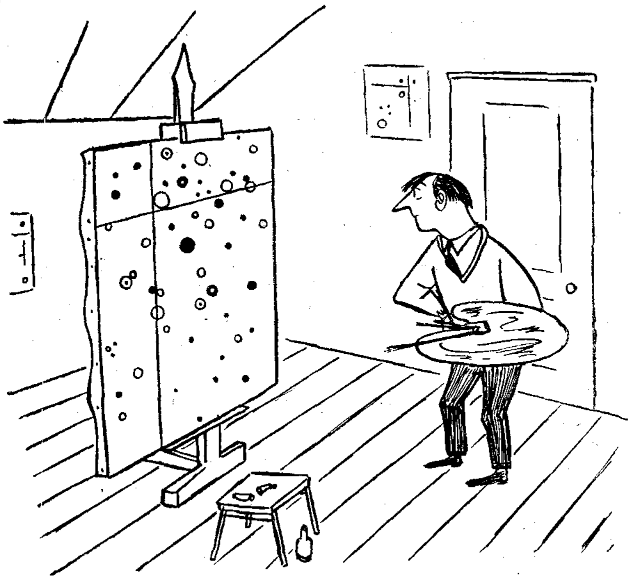

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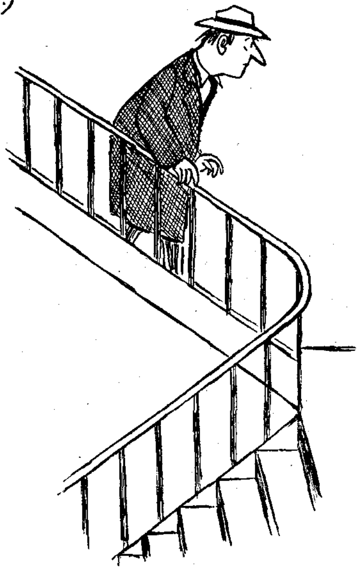

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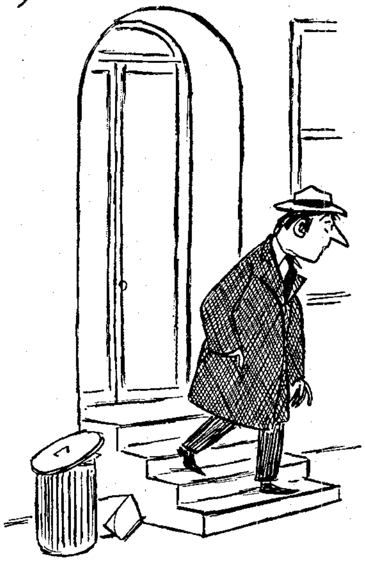

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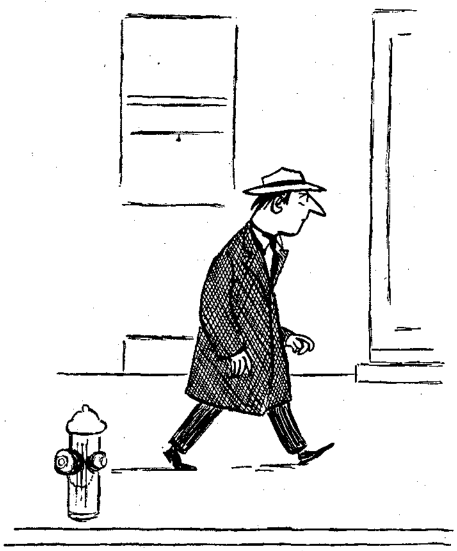

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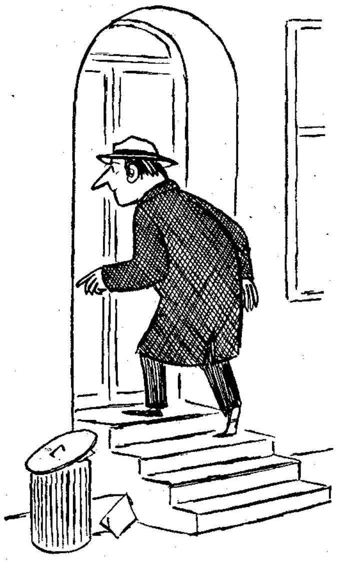

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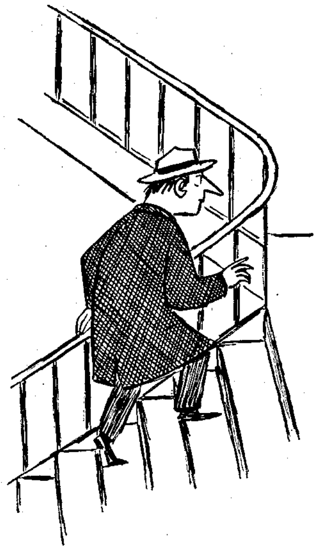

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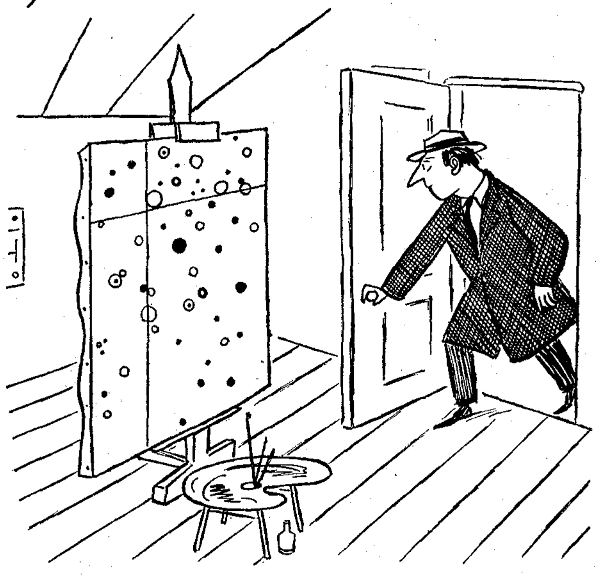

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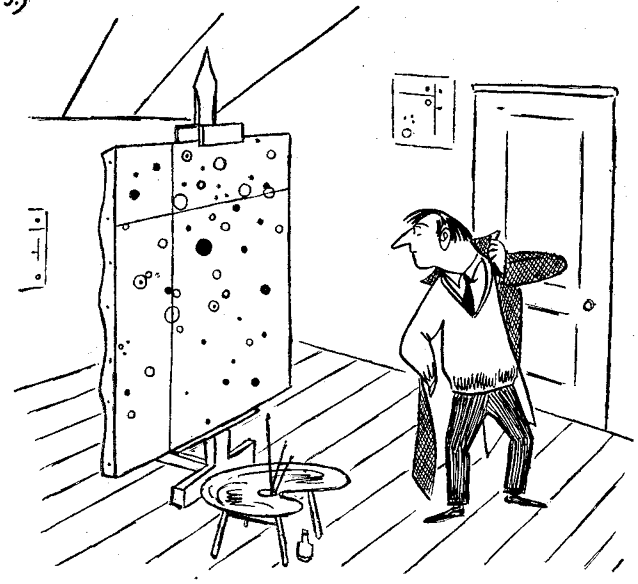

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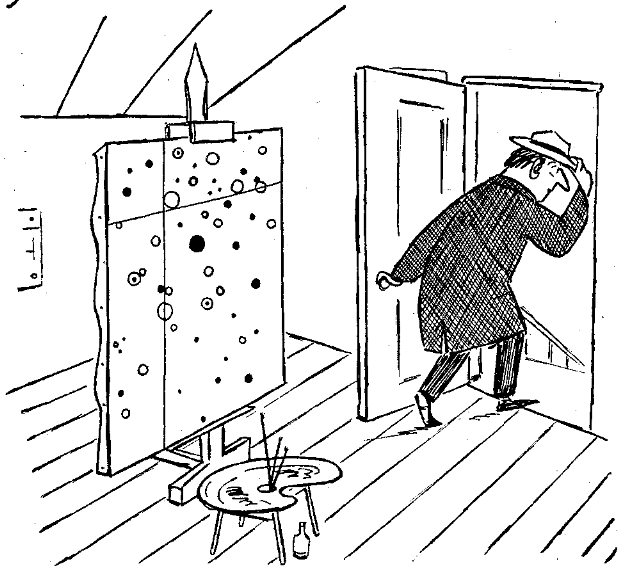

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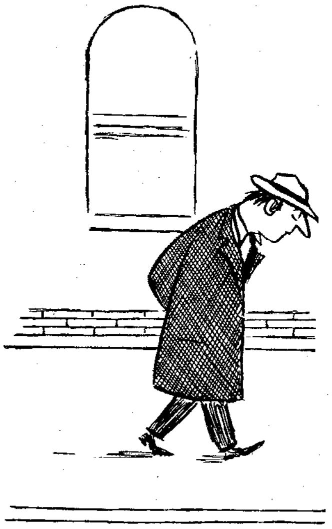

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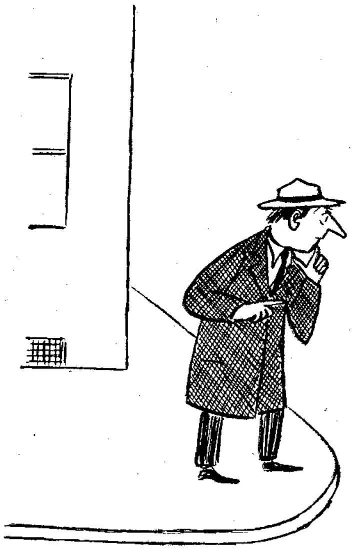

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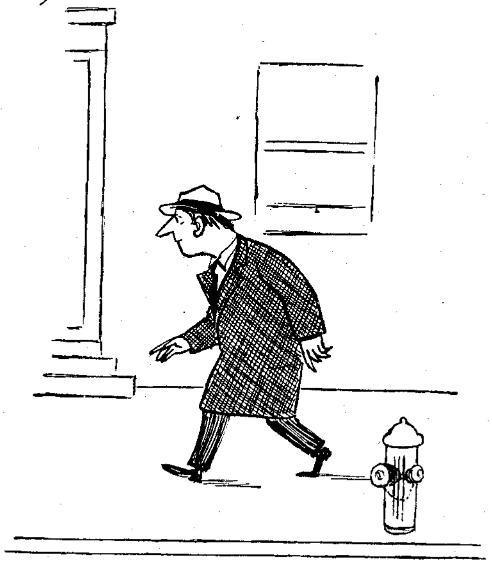

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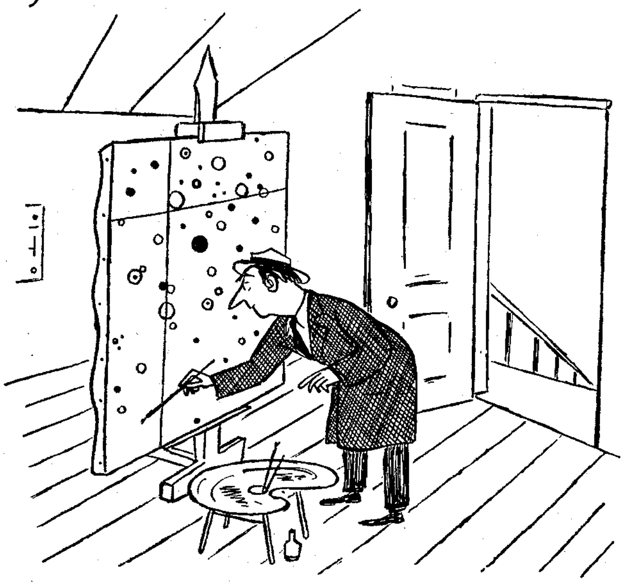

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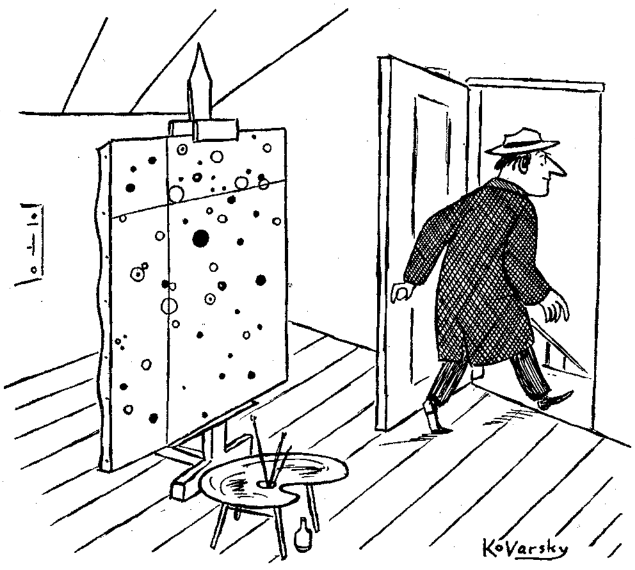


A GIRL AND A BOY ANTHROPOID WERE DANCING

THERE is many a justly celebrated name in the pantheon of show business, but last Saturday, looking over a small pantheon I keep handy so I can get at it in a hurry, I was struck by one omission. In the subsection enshrining strip-teasers, I found no mention of Rozina Carlomusto. All the others were there: dazzling Lili St. Cyr, who electrified Los Angeles a while back by peeling down to the ultimate rosette and landing in court, an exploit that boosted her salary to five thousand dollars a week; Sherry Britten of the flamboyant torso, sometimes likened to a human acetylene torch; Georgia Sothern, an ecdysiast whose contortions have caused hardened café-goers to grovel on the floor and rend their tuxedos; the immortal Gypsy Rose, Hinda Wassau, Margie Hart, Ann Corio, and others too numerous to list. But of Rozina not a whisper, not even a footnote to remind posterity of her sensational performance with a stuffed gorilla, which made theatrical history three short months ago.

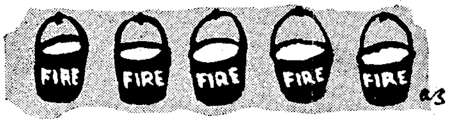
The exact nature of the lady's specialty is not altogether clear; it seems to have been a cross between jujitsu and a gavotte, from which her partner invariably emerged victor. The ensuing chaotic account of the act and its repercussions appeared in the New York *Daily News:*

> CALUMET CITY, ILL., Oct. 9 (UP)—Justice of the Peace Ted Styka today tossed out the case against dancer Rozina Carlomusto, accused of staging a lewd wrestling match with a stuffed gorilla in a night club. "Insufficient evidence," Styka ruled, even though authorities had claimed that Miss Carlomusto always lost the fall to the gorilla. The police said it appeared that the gorilla completed a seduction of the dancer during the act. . . . It [the gorilla] is still in the hands of the State's Attorney's office as evidence. Last month the dancer gave a command performance in court so that Styka could judge for himself whether the act was "lewd and lascivious" as charged. She stripped to the bare essentials in chambers and went into an animated tussle with the stuffed beast. Sure enough, the gorilla won, pinning Rozina in 10 minutes flat. "This is a work of art," she said. "I've performed the same show hundreds of times in Panama and before soldiers at U.S.O. shows. This is the first time anybody questioned the dance."

What the poor, bewildered kid doesn't realize, of course, is that she is a victim of the same quidnuncs and busybodies who have plagued every artist from Zola and D. H. Lawrence to Joyce Hawley. Here is a girl quietly wrestling away with a gorilla in a spotlight, enriching the cultural life of her community and impinging on nobody's livelihood. You can depend on some salvation-happy bluenose, with a paid-up annuity in Paradise, to begin reading things into it. I don't want to borrow trouble, but once such folk get the upper hand, we are finished—*ausgespielt.* It will no longer be possible for your daughter and mine to disrobe on a night-club floor and juggle a pair of doves or plastic bubbles, and before you know it, all the calendars will be featuring depressing snow scenes and collies instead of voluptuous maidens in black net curled around a telephone. If we aren't heading into the most repressive era since Cromwell, I'm a Chinaman.

The thing that really riles me, though, is the aura of secrecy surrounding Rozina's demonstration in court. We are told that "she stripped to the bare essentials in chambers and went into an animated tussle with the stuffed beast." Does Mr. Styka suppose for a moment that he can dismiss an enormously complex legal process in so bald a fashion? No matter how incurious the reader may be, his mind is flooded with a host of questions. Who else witnessed these star-chamber proceedings? Any disinterested zoophile or qualified art connoisseur to advise the justice? Any other gorillas? What assurance have we, indeed, that the exhibition took place in an atmosphere free of prejudice toward the lower primates? Lacking any first-hand information about proceedings of this sort, one may still construct a set of circumstances, as a paleontologist does a brontosaurus, from a single, osseous splinter. In my own restoration, which follows, none of the characters represent real persons, Midwestern or otherwise. The ape, however, is modelled after Ngonga, a young lowlands gorilla with whom I conducted a half-hearted love affair last summer at the San Diego Zoo. And to her, in memory of what might have been, I dedicate it.

SCENE: *The private chambers of Milo Usufruct, a magistrate. A cheerless room dominated by a roll-top desk overflowing with writs, torts, and estoppels. A Globe-Wernicke sectional bookcase at left contains half a dozen moldy law books and a greenish pair of arctics.*



On the walls, two steel engravings, one of Blackstone and the other of a stag beleaguered by wolves. At rise, Usufruct is bent over a venerable, table-type Victor talking machine, fiddling at it with a screwdriver. He is a thin, bald radish of a man, with watery, protuberant eyes. Miss Ripperger, his secretary and a woman polarized to attract every catastrophe, is unwrapping several phonograph records.

USUFRUCT (*peevishly*): Something's scraping inside. There was nothing wrong with it when I put it away thirty years ago.

MISS RIPPERGER: It's probably all corroded. Or else somebody dropped it and smashed the mechanism.

USUFRUCT: If the mechanism was smashed, the turntable wouldn't revolve.

MISS RIPPERGER: You better not fool with that thing. You're liable to cut your finger and get blood poisoning. A nephew of mine—

USUFRUCT: Yes, yes. How about the records I wanted?

MISS RIPPERGER: They don't have any African tomtom numbers.

USUFRUCT: Well, then, did you ask for wrestling music, like I told you?

MISS RIPPERGER: He said he never heard of any special songs a person could wrestle to. He gave me some Sousa marches—here's "Under the Double Eagle"—

USUFRUCT: Never mind, they'll do. That's all for now.

MISS RIPPERGER: If you'd give me more of an idea what it was for, I could try one of the big record stores downtown.

USUFRUCT (*evasively*): Just a hearing I've called—doesn't matter. Now look, you go to lunch, and take an extra hour. I'm expecting a party, a Miss LaFlange.

MISS RIPPERGER: Is she the one in the Ziegler assault case?

USUFRUCT: Er—no, no, some theatrical mixup. Go on, run along. (*She exits. Her employer burrows into a desk drawer, produces a pocket mirror and comb, and trains a few filaments of hair across his scalp. He has seated himself and joined his fingertips judicially when a light knock sounds at the door. Opal LaFlange enters, carrying a fibre sample case. She is a statuesque blonde clad in tomato-colored satin. A trifle steatopygous and endowed with what the poet Herrick has felicitously described as "that brave vibration each way free." Her flaxen hair, worn long over her shoulders, and her milk-white skin recall to mind the pneu-*

matic nudes who used to be portrayed on jackknives.)

Opal (*in a childish treble*): Hill-oo-oo! How are yoo-oo?

Usufruct: Ah, good morning! And how is our—ahem—little transgressor today?

Opal: Just finely, Judge. My, what a darling office! Is this where you do all your studying and stuff?

Usufruct: Yes, I—er—I'm a bug on privacy. You see, in my type work I have to get off by my lonesome and ponder over the—uh—briefs, so to speak. Do you like it?

Opal: Oh, it's adorable! So snug and, well—sort of anteem, if you know what I mean.

Usufruct: Precisely. No buttinskis around to distract— (*He starts as Opal zips open her dress and begins pulling it over her head.*) Hey, what are you doing there?

Opal: Why, getting ready for my routine with Bombo. I thought you wanted to see the way we work in the clubs.

"Let's get out of here while the getting's good."

Usufruct (*scuttling to the door and shooting the bolt*): Sure, but after all, people might misunderstand. A man in my position can't be too careful.

Opal: You can say that again, brother. (*She discards her slip.*) If anyone broke down that door right now, you'd have a hell of a time explaining.

Usufruct: L-listen, maybe we ought to skip it for the time being. I—I've got to run over to the Board of Estimate. I'll see your act at the Tropics tonight.

Opal: Not unless you're a mind reader you won't. The coppers padlocked the joint three days ago.

Usufruct: Then we'll put it on in a field somewhere—at the Elks' Clubhouse . . .

Opal: Gorgeous, when I strip down to dance, I dance. Here, help me blow up Bombo. (*She draws an inert bundle of fur and a bicycle pump from the sample case, hands him the pump.*) This lousy valve in his belly button, it never did work right. . . . There. Now come on, lover, put your back into it.

Usufruct (*panting*): I . . . I'm doing the best I can . . . phew . . .

Opal: Keep at it—the chest has to come out a whole foot yet. (*She spots the phonograph.*) Say, don't tell me! Got any fast-tempo tunes—"Cow Cow Boogie" or anything like that?

Usufruct (*the veins in his forehead bulging*): Uh . . . just those there. . . . Look, I'm getting winded. . . .

Opal: "The Stars and Stripes Forever." "Semper Fidelis." "Washington Post March." Jeez, what cornball picked these out? (*The gorilla, a remarkable simulacrum with bared fangs, towers menacingly over Usufruct, who instinctively cowers away from it. A resounding blare of brass issues from the phonograph.*)

Usufruct: Good grief, are you crazy? Turn that noise down—we'll have the whole building in here!

Opal: O.K., O.K., keep your girdle on. (*She mutes the music, detaches the pump, and twines the gorilla's arms about her.*) Well, here we go. Opening announcement, green dimmers on the lights, and we're on. (*She and Bombo rock across the floor, pantomiming a struggle to capsize each other. Suddenly, as Usufruct stares openmouthed, a sharp knocking at the door is heard.*)

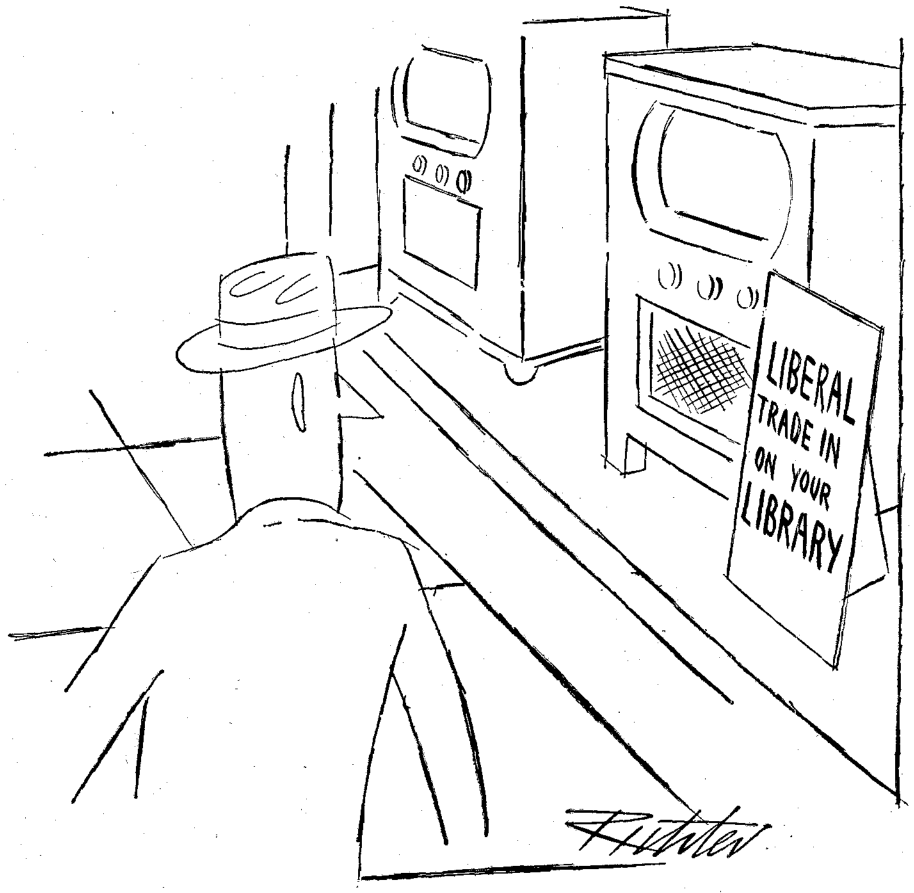
Usufruct (*aghast*): Oh, my God! . . . Turn it off—*stop!*

Opal: I can't—he's crushing me in his mighty arms—spare me, Bombo—

Usufruct (*babbling to himself*): I'm locked in here with a mental case. (*He snaps off the phonograph and, with a strength born of desperation, wrenches apart Opal and Bombo.*)

Opal: Take your hands off me, you popeyed little shrimp!

Usufruct: Sh-h-h! Get in the closet there, quick—your petticoat—no, no, don't put it on—wait a minute, the satchel, too. (*As he thrusts her through the door and slams it, the knocking grows more insistent. In an agony of apprehension, he steals to the door and opens it. Flitcraft, the town's leading*


LIBERAL TRADE IN ON YOUR LIBRARY
Richter

• •

banker, and Zeugma, a retired merchant and pillar of the church, appear on the threshold. They exhibit obvious concern.)

Flitcraft: Are you all right, Milo? We heard some sort of struggle—a crash—

Zeugma: We were afraid you'd had a seizure—apoplexy or something—

Usufruct (*with a ghastly attempt at jauntiness*): Who, me? Ah ha ha ha.

Zeugma: Well, you do look kind of shaky, doesn't he, Simeon? Look at the cold sweat on his forehead.

Usufruct: I—I was trying to repair the ape—I mean, the apparatus—that is, the Victrola there. (*Sponging his brow*) Gentlemen, if you could come back in an hour—

Flitcraft (*entering*): Tell the truth, Milo, this is rather important; we'd like to have a little chin with you right now.

Zeugma: Yes, indeed. (*Grimly*) There are some very, very peculiar things going on in Tigris County, my friend. The sooner we put them right, the better. (*Usufruct twitches uncontrollably as his callers dispose themselves in chairs.*)

Flitcraft: Let's not beat around the bush, Milo. The political administration in this town is rotten to the core. You know who runs it? A lot of crooked gamblers, racketeers, and gorillas. (*Usufruct reacts, dislodges a phonograph record, which shatters on the floor.*) My word, man, you're nervous today. What's wrong?

Zeugma: Shouldn't wonder he's coming down with the grippe.

Flitcraft: Yes, plenty of it around. Well, anyway, speaking for the law-abiding element in the community, Zeugma and I say they've made a monkey of us long enough.

Usufruct (*faintly*): Fellows, I feel a bit feverish. I—I believe I'll go on home and lie down for a spell.

Flitcraft: A very good idea, but first, tell me—have you ever thought of running for public office?

Zeugma: We need a decent, upright citizen to clean house. Throw the rascals out, that's my motto.

Flitcraft: Just so. Now, Milo, we've been over your record and your life is an open book. (*He breaks off, his eyes pinned on the closet door.*) Say, that's funny. What's that hanging out of there?

Usufruct (*teeth chattering*): A fur rug—a lap robe. You know, to cover up when you're driving in a sleigh. It b-belonged to my grandfather.

Flitcraft: Hmm. (*Rising*) If you don't mind, I'd like to see the rest of that robe. (*As he starts toward it, Usufruct frantically interposes himself.*)

Usufruct: Simeon, you've known me thirty years! I swear on everything holy that I never—

Miss Ripperger (*entering*): Mr. Flitcraft! Mr. Flitcraft!

Flitcraft: What is it?

Miss Ripperger: They just held up the bank—three men in a Buick coop! The police are chasing them down Wentworth Avenue!

Flitcraft: Great Scott! (*He runs out, followed by Zeugma. As they exit, Usufruct's knees buckle and he goes horizontal. Miss Ripperger hurries to him, and, kneeling, begins to chafe his wrists.*)

Miss Ripperger: Oh . . . Oh . . . I just knew something was going to happen when I got up this morning! (*She raises her eyes inquiringly as the closet door opens.*)

Curtain

—S. J. Perelman

• •

LAZY BONES

My bones are not possessed of that crude vigor
That has distinguished bones of greater valor.
In winter, when the air is harsh and caller,
They flinch from its inhospitable rigor—
Not like the bones of cowboy, swift on trigger,
Crusader bones, or bones of Hospitaller,
Whose epidermis lacked this mournful pallor
Because their mesoderm was somewhat bigger.

All right for men who, when they are dissected,
Turn out to be composed of iron and leather.
But, being insufficiently protected
Against the circumambient wind and weather,
These lazy bones are easily dejected.
I often wonder how they hold together.

—R. P. Lister

STORM

IT was apparently a very pleasant and agreeable bar, if the judgment of the people of Cortez, New York, was to be trusted, and Harry Burgess, in the mood he was in at the moment, was ready to trust almost anyone's judgment but his own. There were at least eight or nine of what might be supposed to be typical citizens spaced along the length of it: a lank, brown-haired girl, with two boys in Mackinaw jackets, talking overenthusiastically about some other girl, named Enid; two blue-suited men drinking beers and obviously talking business; a large man in a plaid woollen shirt, alone, with a gray fedora tipped sullenly over his plump, purplish, faintly belligerent face; and, beyond him, two or three others.

But to Harry it was just a bar he had never been in before (and hoped, on entering, without even thinking of the hope, that he would never be in again), in a town that till then had lived in his consciousness only as the site of the A. & P., the First National, Burke & Hendricks' butcher shop, and the other stores where his wife, his wife Helen, did their shopping, and he had ordered a Martini—"Dry," he said, "make it dry," although ordinarily he despised people who said that—before he even noticed that there were booths farther down along the wall, beyond the bar, and in them a few people eating.

"Can I get lunch here?" he asked the bartender.

"Yes-*yes*," said the bartender. He was a man of medium height, half bald, with a long, sallow, cheerless face, and he would have looked the same, Harry thought, if he had been tending bar in Detroit or Kansas City or Natchitoches, Louisiana. But since he was in Cortez, New York, and apparently had grown up there, he used that oddly accented repetition, at once offhand and urgent—"Yes-*yes*," he had said—that Harry already, in one summer and part of one winter, had learned to identify with this section of the Hudson Valley. Then, as if to make sure, the bartender glanced at a clock, placed above the cash register, on the wall behind the bar. It spelled "Ten Eyck Lager" instead of giving the hours, and the hands now said "E" to "C." He looked back at Harry quickly.

"Got to hurry, though," he went on. "Kitchen closes at two. You got just about ten minutes to order."

"I'm in a hurry, too," Harry said, and by the very fact of his having said it, he was.

"I'm in sort of a hurry," he said to the waitress, a tall, pallid girl, when she handed him the menu. "Are all these things ready?"

"Well, now, most of them are—" she began. But the sense of terrible urgency that had driven him and then dropped him intermittently all that day and the day previous had got hold of him again, and although they had told him at the hospital that he would have at least another hour to wait, he cut her short almost savagely. "Never mind. I'll just take a ham sandwich," he said.

"Tell me, Louis, do you like your warden?"

"And a cup of coffee," he added as the girl was turning away.

WHILE he waited for the order to be brought to him—thinking, too, that it would probably take just as long as the Yankee Pot Roast, the Baked Country Sausage with Mashed Potatoes, or anything else on the menu—he stared out at the section of window that was visible beyond the bar and his booth enclosure, and the slow-moving traffic of cars and of people in the snowy sunsparkle outside.

"Cortez. Cortez, New York," he said to himself, not quite speaking the words but still speaking them more than just thinking them. Where the A. & P. was, and the First National. (It seemed the vegetables were always better, or they were fresher, or something, at the First National.) And that nice Mr. Hendricks, the butcher, who always ground up the tail and bound it in with the rest of the meat when you ordered a steak. ("The way all really good butchers used to do," his wife Helen had said, and he could see her, and the wise little, lovable, housewifely way she had when she said it.) And the hardware store, too—he had almost forgotten that—where they had all the different kinds of Kem-Tone. Cortez was the site of all these, and of the red truck just passing the window, and of the girl and the men laughing, talking, and drinking at the bar. And now also, of course, it was the site of the hospital.

He had been in a hurry last night, too, driving up in the storm after that sudden phone call had reached him in the city (and why—for God's sake, why—had he let even business take him away from her, and at just that precise, unforeseeable, and yet inevitable moment); in such a hurry, indeed—and, as the storm had grown ever more paralyzing, in such anxiety and confusion of mind—that in the end he had found himself telling people, even total strangers, about Helen and the hospital and how he had to get up there and be with her. It was as if, just by telling the importance of his errand, he could create a sort of impetus behind it, so that everyone would join hands to help him and make it certain that, despite storm, despite snow, despite everything, he would get through.

As if he had been showing them a passport, demanding safe conduct, he had told them—the small, worried, bespectacled man in the lone lost car that had drawn up alongside him far up on the parkway, the snow swirling milkily in their headlights, when he was putting on his chains; the garageman where he had stopped to get gas, and who had said "Whew! Brother!" when he'd said he was pushing on to Cortez; the woman with the frazzled hair, whose car, skidding in the wildly churned-up, snow-rutted road on the hill just outside Poughkeepsie (and stopping, helplessly, spang across it), had forced him, finally, to cut short his journey—"I've just got to get through," he had said, in these, or similar, words. "I've got a wife up in Cortez, in the hospital. She's going to have an operation tomorrow."

He had said it with different intonations—in fierce exasperation to the woman (it had taken him and the others who had gradually joined him the best part of an hour to get her car straightened out and in motion again, and by that time, in the snow's swift, remorseless accumulation, there were other cars stalled on the hill; it had been close to ten o'clock when he'd got into Poughkeepsie, and there they'd told him that the roads to the north were blocked); in a sort of devil-may-care, man-to-man way to the garage-keeper—but he had said it always with the same purpose, and now he found himself wondering (as, he noticed, the girl slid his sandwich in front of him. "Coffee now?" she was asking) how much of it had been sheer, simple melodramatics, how much, even, had been a sort of advance propitiation, to pave the way for the failure he had known, even then, was likely.

The point was that in spite of everything, the brave messenger hadn't won through. His safe-conduct pass, so freely brandished, had got him precisely nowhere—or, to be more precisely precise, it had got him only as far as a small hotel in a town just sixty-eight miles short of where he had wanted to be, if he was to take his wife's hand, his wife Helen's hand, and say hello to her, maybe goodbye to her, on the night before the operation.

So today he had been too late. "Dr. Munson decided he'd better not wait for you. After all, it was sort of an emergency, and the diagnosis was clear," the nurse had said, workmanlike, matter-of-fact, efficient, with her gauze mask pulled down from her face as she came out of the operating room to speak to him. "But he asked me to tell you that the operation is proceeding satisfactorily. Her condition is good."

And then, standing in the hospital corridor—as now, sitting in the restaurant, and both times seeing not the things that confronted him but the sad procession (of the softly rolling, rubber-tired hospital stretcher, and the sheeted form, and the hand dangling from one side with no answering hand to grasp it and give it comfort)—he had thought, as he thought now again: If he had only pushed on, if he hadn't stopped so much, if he hadn't stopped to *talk* so much, if he had just pushed on . . .

"Want your coffee now, Mister?" the waitress was saying.

Harry Burgess looked up at her. It wasn't only the major operation that people died from, he thought; any operation was dangerous. "Yes, I guess so," he said. Standing then, looking down at the nurse in the hospital corridor (and though later, in the strange ups and downs of emotion he'd been having throughout the day, he had comforted himself; he had done his best, he had said), he had felt suddenly, flatly, coldly, that he had failed his wife; he had deserted her. He must have failed her, just by not being by her side. Someone else, he kept telling himself—he himself, if he had tried harder—might have got through. But he still wasn't sure. "Quite a storm last night, wasn't it?" he said tentatively to the waitress.

"Yes-*yes*," said the girl, and she added, for emphasis, "I'll say!"

"Was the traffic held up much—around here, I mean?"

"Well, all I can say is myself. I got home all right."

"Did you?" Harry asked. "Did you have to drive far?" he went on, like a district attorney, or a lawyer, trying to salvage a losing case.

"Down to Mulbridge, that's all—you know, down on the road to Poughkeepsie. It was bad, all right. But I got through, or my husband did. He

NATURE STUDY, AFTER DUFY

When a friend accused him [Dufy] of playing fast and loose with nature, he replied: "But nature, my dear Sir, is only an hypothesis."—*From the section on "Fauvism" by Maurice Raynal in "The History of Modern Painting."*

I must remember to dismiss
These wintry skies that seem to me
Not gray, like an hypothesis,
But silver, like reality—
This arguable wind that stirs
So plausibly the conifers.

From postulates of days, unwary,
By seeming snows preoccupied,
I have conjectured January
And whiteness in the countryside,
Presumed the starlings in the holly.
I must remember now as folly

What earlier instants of surmise?
(The earth, one green and passing minute;
The poplar, gold before my eyes;
The summer beech with sunlight in it—
These that by leaflessness of bough,
By empty fields, are proven now

Untenable, as soon must be,
With the first inference of spring,
This crystal world, this theory?)
I must be quick in questioning
The look of April, after this,
When it, too, is hypothesis.

—HELEN BEVINGTON

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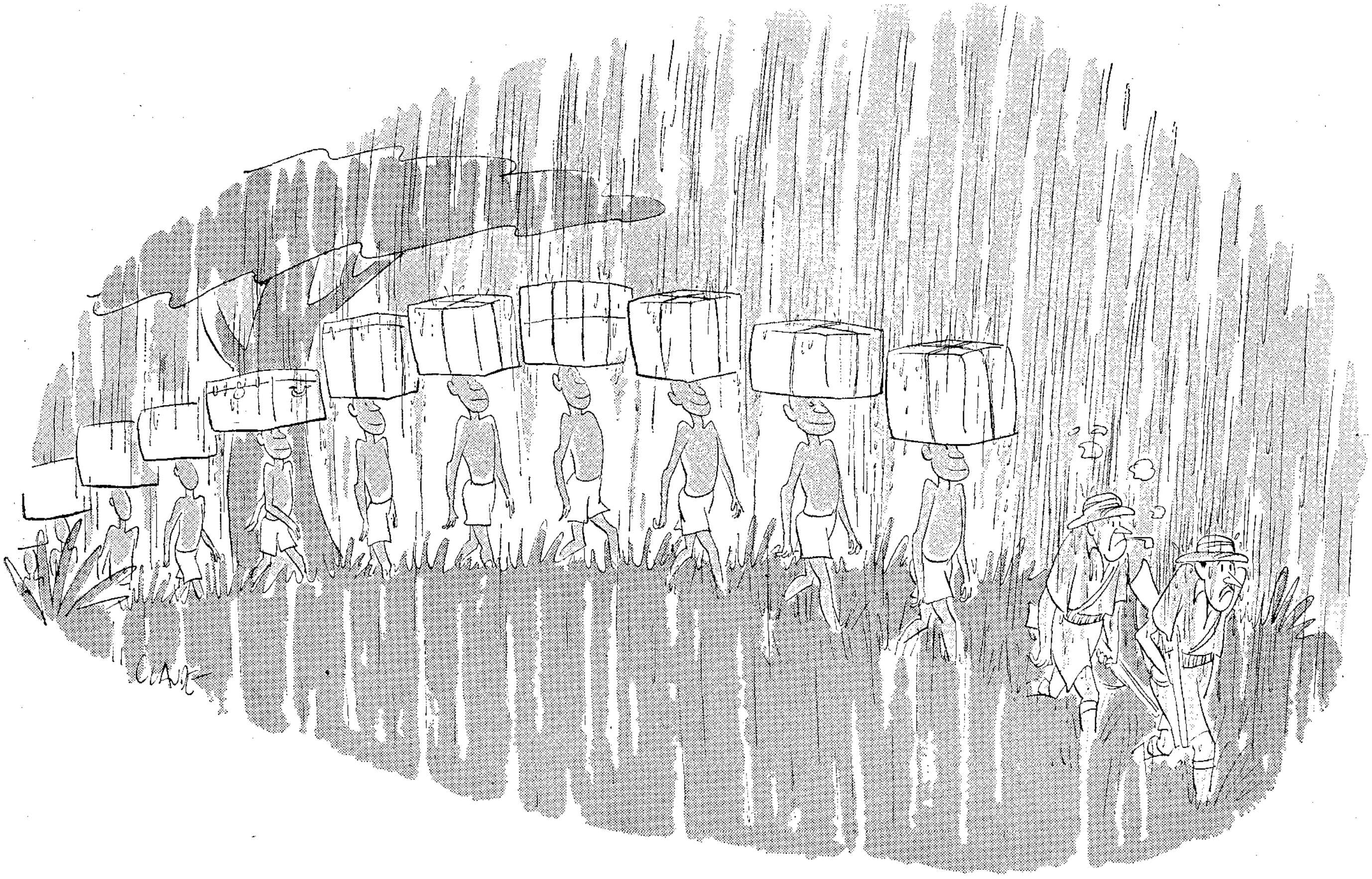


comes and picks me up here when I'm through. He was driving."

"I was stuck in Poughkeepsie myself," Harry said. The case was lost, and he knew it, but he still went on talking. But he had sense enough this time not to talk about the operation. "I was trying to get on up here," he said. "But they told me the roads were all blocked to the north. I had to spend the night in Poughkeepsie."

"Is that so?" said the girl, but she didn't seem very much interested. "You said you wanted your coffee now?"

"I'll have the check, too," Harry told her, giving her as good as she had sent. "I'm in sort of a hurry."

So that was it, then, thought Harry; he *had* failed her. He had been looking for a sign or a portent—a judgment, really—and here it was. He could have got through, or if he couldn't have done so, someone else could have (this girl's gawking, pimply-faced, loutish husband, for instance; he could see him), and in a time of crisis it was the accomplishment that mattered. Not *his* best but *the* best was what counted. He hardly touched the sandwich. He took a sip of the coffee when the girl brought it to him, paid his bill, and went out. It had come to him suddenly, as if a warning word had been spoken, that the crisis was not past, even now.

It was still here. As long as his wife, his wife Helen, lay on the operating table, the crisis continued, and, deliberately pitting his wind and his legs against the steepness of the incline, like an infantryman storming a redoubt, he hurried back up the hill in the cold, bright wintry sunshine to the hospital. Arriving, he was so ready for blame, so almost anxious for an end to his uncertainties, that he would have been, in a way, relieved to find the nurse there—the nurse worriedly waiting, watching for him, waiting to tell him that she, the doctor, his wife herself, had been asking for him. They had been looking for him, calling for him, everywhere, and now it was too late. This was it; it was the final crisis. His wife, Helen, had died.

It was, he figured out later—or at any rate, he told himself, it must be—something like the emotions of a soldier who, having been subjected to many skirmishing assaults, comes to hope, when another attack begins, that this one anyway, at last, will be the real one, the big one, the final one. But there were to be more ups and downs still for Harry that day, and it was with no feeling of letdown or relief but rather with an increased sense of strain that he saw that all was as it had been before at the hospital.

THERE was no nurse waiting for him, no excitement. There was, instead, passing left to right along the transverse corridor, an interne, unhurried, and behind the little window marked "Information" the same thin, sharp-eyed girl, the girl he had already, and for no reason, started to hate, who now merely glanced up at him, shook her head—meaning "No news"—and went back to her library book again. The little waiting room off the corridor was the same, too, except that now, instead of the round-faced, shining-spectacled, salesmanlike man who had been there before, reading *Time*, there was a woman, round-faced, too, but plump and dumpy, in her forties at least and somehow cheerfully countrified-looking, sitting in the chair he himself had last used, by the window.

He sat down in another, a Morris chair, and looked again at the high-busted, Roman-nosed lady—Mrs. Wendell M. Feit (Fight? Fate? Feet? Anyway, a benefactor)—in the photograph on the wall. He was getting all mixed up emotionally, he told himself. It was getting so now that his *up* times, the times when he spurred himself on—driving on in the storm, rushing up the hill from the restaurant, hurrying into the hospital—were the times when he anticipated misfortune. And the times when he should have been up, because nothing awful had happened (as here, now, sitting quietly, waiting a moment before reaching for the month-before-last's copy of *Fortune*), were the *downs*.

Or that wasn't quite the truth,

either, he amended hastily; he still wasn't actually hoping for misfortune. No, a time like this, when nothing happened, was a *down* only because he feared a greater drop later, and feared, too, that his capacity to wait and to withstand further waiting was beginning to vanish. He had tried so hard, and accomplished, really, so little—less, apparently, than the husband of the waitress could have done without even half trying—and he was just reaching, finally, for the month-before-last's copy of *Fortune* when the woman in the chair by the window spoke to him.

"You were here before earlier, wasn't you?" she said.

"Yes," said Harry.

"I thought I seen you. I been here since before six o'clock myself," the woman said.

"Is that so?" Harry said, not much interested. He had no intention of letting himself get dragged into a long conversation about this woman's or her family's misfortunes, and he was just opening the magazine when, abruptly, he changed his mind. There was no room in his heart for kindness at the moment, but there was for propitiation. Kindness, interest, after all, might not do any harm. Who could say on what trivial point his whole fortunes might turn? If he treated this woman decently, he thought, and—quite consciously, as a man praying closes his mind to the ulterior motives behind the prayer—he refused to let the thought go any further.

"Since before six!" he exclaimed. "That's a long time! Is there someone— I mean—"

"Yes. My daughter. It's her second, too," the woman said, matter-of-factly. Now that Harry had really looked at her, he could see that her eyes were strained and tired. She wore a green-and-white housedress, crumpled, with a cheap red coat-sweater, unbuttoned, over it. A cloth coat and a red leather handbag were on the chair beside her. "I don't know. I don't understand it," she went on, but she didn't seem worried. "I've had four, and never had any trouble with one of them. But I guess people are different, aren't they? And her first, you know, they had to give her a Caesarean. So I guess now, this time— Well, you know, they're trying if they can avoid it."

It was hard getting interested in someone else's problems, but little by little Harry was managing it. "But that's a long time!" he said, and at the thought of it—the woman writhing, sweating, screaming, and for so long, so long—he began really to mean it. "That's— Why, my Lord, that's six hours and more!"

"More than that," said the woman. "She started labor at three." There had been a note almost of triumph in her voice, but now she glanced upward obliquely toward—so Harry supposed—the section of the hospital where her daughter was lying. "I suppose it's all right, though," she said uncertainly.

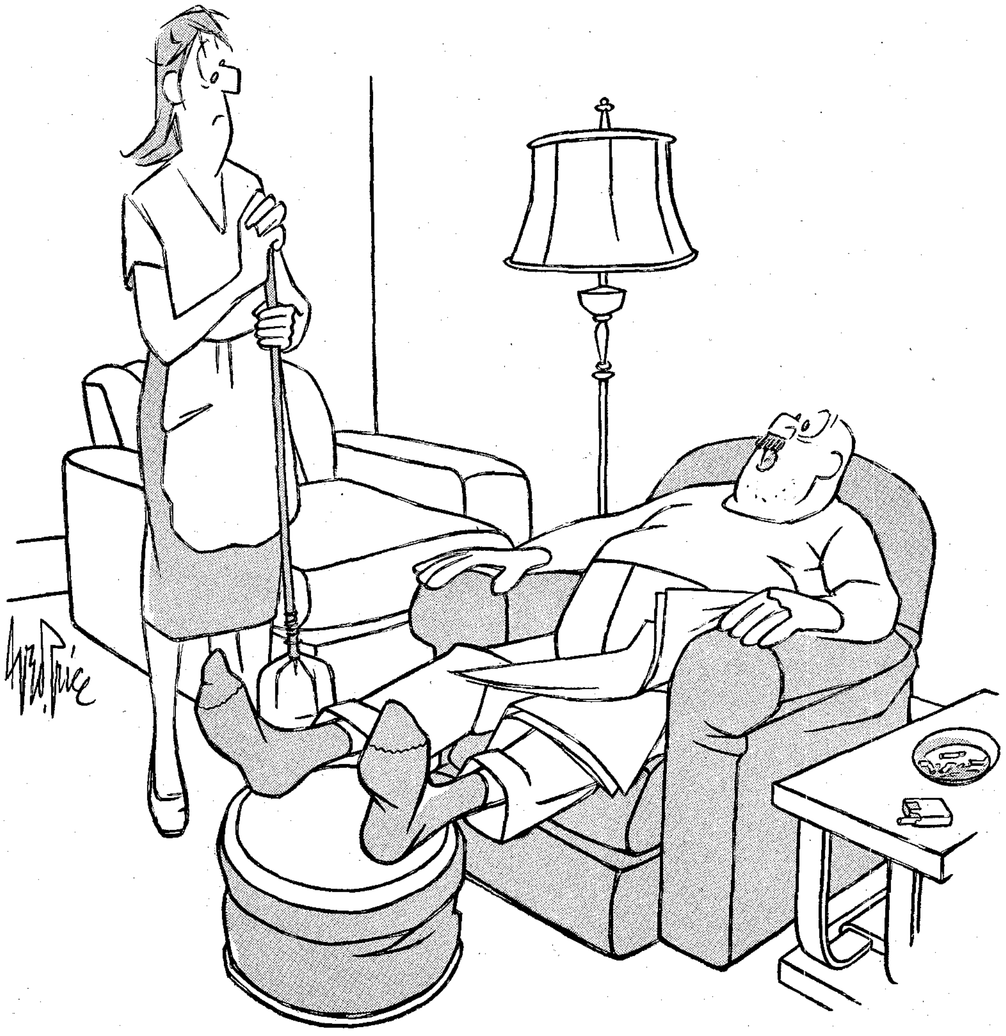
"Oh, I'm sure it is," Harry replied.

"Yes, they know—the doctors do."

"Oh, they do know nowadays."

"It isn't like it was the first one, either, is it?" said the woman, and then—Harry again, absently, was just opening his magazine—she leaned forward suddenly and looked at him. "But you'd think, at a time like this," she went on, and her voice had got harsher and deeper, "that the husband would want to be with her—now, wouldn't you? But no. 'Business.'" She was obviously mimicking. "He's a salesman, and so, all of a sudden, he had to go on a business trip. And then he calls up last night, in the storm, from Schenectady—"

IT was at that moment that the nurse, the thin, workmanlike nurse from the operating room, came in. "Mr. Burgess?" she said, and the woman, glancing up at her, never saw, probably, the look of fierce, killing hatred that Harry had turned on her. He looked hate at her, killing hatred, because she had just told him, without even knowing she had done so, that his wife was dead, and it was with a sense of unbelieving, unbelievable, for the moment almost unassimilable lightness of spirit—but not, still, with any feeling of forgiveness for anyone—that he heard the nurse say, "Mr. Burgess? Dr. Munson just asked me to tell you that the operation is over. Your wife's fine. She won't know you, of course, but you can see her in a few minutes, when she's back from the operating room. Everything's fine!" —ROBERT M. COATES



"What makes you think being busy would make me happy?"

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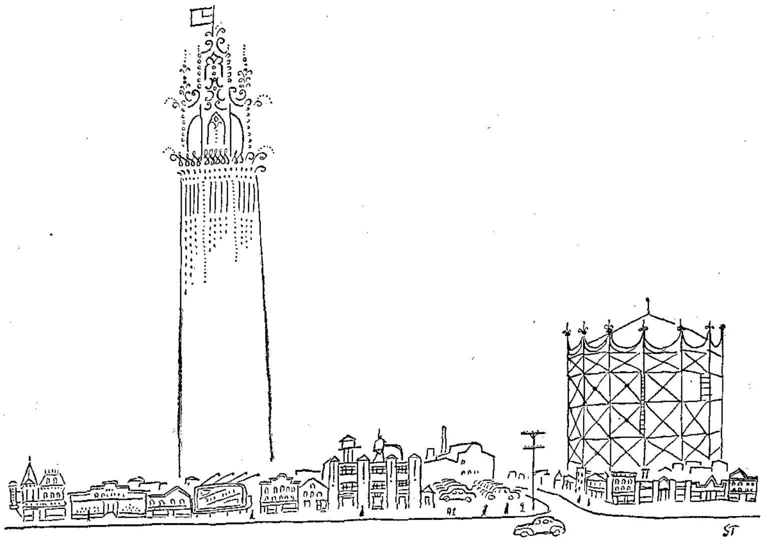
In the United States, for example, wealthy people tend to be older than younger people.—*From "Public Opinion and Propaganda," by Leonard W. Doob.*

Serves 'em damn well right, too.

PROFILES

SECOND CITY

I—SO PROUD TO BE JAMMY-JAMMY

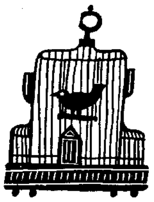


IN the summertime, the Gold Coast of Chicago, that strip of opulent apartment houses and mansions along Lake Shore Drive, takes on some of the aspects of the streets leading from the Brighton Beach station of the B.-M. T. line out in coastal Brooklyn. Large numbers of bathing-suited inhabitants of the steamy interior of the city arrive by trolley at a point a couple of blocks from Lake Shore Drive, bearing beach balls, babies, lunch hampers, and fudgicles. Making their way through fine streets served by private garbage collectors (public collection is worse than irregular), the beachers pass under the marquees of buildings whose tenants drink water from which the chlorine taste of ordinary Chicago tap water has been filtered. (This service costs two dollars a month per apartment and is a more satisfactory solution of the taste problem, from a Gold Coast point of view, than having the city bring palatable water from afar for everybody, which would mean higher taxes.) The beachers do not come in automobiles, although a substantial proportion undoubtedly possess them. ("No Money Down, No Credit Standing Necessary. Even If You Have Been Blacklisted, See Me," Chicago second-hand dealers advertise.) They would find no place near the Drive to park. The streets are bordered with "No Parking, By Order of the Police Department" signs, which are obtained from the office of a city alderman at the rate of eleven dollars a year and insure that any man who pays for one will always have a place to park his car. The beachers go through a tunnel under the Drive and emerge on a strip of concrete and sand. The sun is strong even in June, when the water is still paralyzingly cold. Lying on their backs, the beachers gaze out at the great empty surface of Lake Michigan, and the girls compare the discolorations of their legs. When they turn over on their bellies, they are able to look back at what skyline Chicago has to offer—a serrated wall of high buildings aligned along the lakeward side of the city. One among them is the Tribune Tower, a Gothic skyscraper equipped with a carillon of editorial tocsins. So viewed, Chicago seems a big city instead of merely a large place.

But the beachers are not fooled. They know that what they see is like a theatre backdrop with a city painted on it. Immediately behind the precise middle of the palisade of tall buildings lies the Loop, a rectangle only seven blocks long and five wide, holding most of the major stores, theatres, and big hotels and office buildings, as well as the financial district, components of a city that in Manhattan are strung out from Central Park South to the Battery, a good five miles, and in London from Albert Hall to the Tower, about the same. The Loop, with its lakeside screen, forms a unit like the Kremlin as described by Richard Harding Davis when he attended the coronation of Nicholas II, in 1896—a small city surrounded by a boundless agglutination of streets, dramshops, and low buildings without urban character. The Loop is like Times Square and Radio City set down in the middle of a vast Canarsie. Moreover, the façade is no more functional than a billboard turned away from the road; it might impress travellers if they approached the city from the Lake, but nobody does. The stranger arrives by car from the airport, approaching the Loop across a tundra of industrial suburbs unchanged in character by the city line, or else comes in on one of the railroads that run through slums of their own making. The railroad tracks are the cords that hold the Chicago Gulliver supine. They crisscross the town in a kind of ticktacktoe game in which the apparent object of each line is to stop its competitors from getting out of town. Thus the Baltimore & Ohio, connecting the city with the East, has been obliged to head due west for five or six miles to find a chink to slip through.

THIS Chicago is not like the one I used to visualize in my provincial East Coast youth, but it is certainly less alarming. My first intimations of Chicago were missionary and literary, and made me feel I could do without it. When I was about eleven, a boy of around my age moved with his parents from Chicago to the town on the south shore of Long Island where I lived. He was an enthusiastic Boy Scout, and he used to tell me and other uninterested Long Island boys about the fine boulevards and parks they had in Chicago. He also said the aquarium was a lulu. The football pennants tacked to the walls of his room bore exotic names, such as Northwestern, Iowa, and Purdue, instead of names everybody knew, like Yale, Columbia, and Rutgers. That same year, my mother gave me a ten-volume set of Kipling for my birthday, and I read straight through it. The volume that contained "Wee Willie Winkie," "Baa Baa, Black Sheep," and "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" (which, I decided on reading them, were the three greatest short stories ever written) also contained "American Notes"—correspondence describing a voyage the author had made to the United States in 1889. Of Chicago, my new idol had written, "Having seen it, I urgently desire never to see it again. It is inhabited by savages. Its water is the water of the Hooghly, and its air is dirt. Also it says that it is the 'boss' town of America. I do not believe that it has anything to do with this country." Kipling caught Chicago at possibly its most terrifying moment. The census of 1890 showed that it had displaced Philadelphia as the second city of the United States, and it was preparing to go right through the roof.

It was considerably later, when I was a college senior, that I again thought of Chicago. There was some kind of literary revolution going on there. All the prose coming out of the place was highly carbonated. I read a book called "Midwest Portraits," by Harry Hansen, about this Chicago literary *Spritzer*, a book that Laurence Stallings had reviewed in the New York *World* under what I thought the side-splitting heading "Write 'Em, Cowboy." (Stallings, a native of Georgia, was evidently under the influence of the common illusion that it is in the Far West. In reality, it is in the easternmost third of the continent.) Among the chapter headings were "Carl Sandburg, Poet of the Streets and of the Prairie," "Sherwood Anderson, Cornfed Mystic, Historian of the Middle Age of Man," "Robert Herrick and Edgar Lee Masters, Interpreters of Our Modern World," "Harriet Monroe, Priestess of Poetry," and "Ben Hecht, Pagliacci of the Fire Escape."



Until 1938, however, I never got to see Chicago, although I had by then met the Pagliacci of the Fire Escape, who had moved to Nyack, and Hansen himself, who was doing a book column for the New York *World-Telegram*. Among the places I had seen were Angers, Funchal, Cappoquin, Youghal, Spitzbergen, and Gevrey-Chambertin, but I hadn't been west of Buffalo. By 1938, the Chicago literary revolution had ceased, except for parting bursts from the tail guns of angry young novelists flying East. The writers left behind them the question of whether what had been written about the place had ever actually existed—for example, Sandburg's city, "with lifted head singing so proud to be alive and coarse and strong and cunning." From all reports, the place was still reasonably coarse, but the pride and the singing had been muted. And instead of "laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost a battle," Chicago wore a grin that might have indicated punch-drunkenness.

There is an opinion, advanced by some men who worked in Chicago transiently during the twenties, as well as by many native Chicagoans, that the city did approximate the great, howling, hurrying, hog-butchering, hog-mannered challenger for the empire of the world specified in the legend, but that at some time around 1930 it stopped as suddenly as a front-running horse at the head of the stretch with a poor man's last two dollars on its nose. What stopped it is a mystery, like what happened to Angkor Vat. There are only theories, most of them too materialistic to satisfy me, such as "Sam Insull took this town for all it had" and "The depression hit this town a wallop it never shook off." Some skeptics have their own explanation of the disparity between the Chicago of the rhapsodists and the Chicago of today. It is that the rhapsodies were merely the result of mutual suggestion, like the St. Vitus's Dance epidemics of the Middle Ages. There may be some truth in that theory, too. "It was a wonderful place when I was a kid," a fellow who writes a column on foreign affairs for a Chicago paper once told me. "Guys would be shot down every day on the busiest street corners. It was romantic." He admitted, when I put the direct question, that he personally had not seen anybody shot, but I sensed that he did not like to acknowledge this, even to himself. (I might as well have asked a Charleston lady how she knew that everybody in the South had been rich before 1860.) Mary Garden says that in 1910 she found in Chicago a great audience and almost unlimited backing for grand opera in French. There is some tangible support for these reminiscences of the Grande Epoque—in the files of the Chicago *Tribune*, for instance, and in the existence of the now silent Civic Opera House. The *Tribune* in the twenties used to print daily on its editorial page a "Program for Chicagoland," of which Article 1 was "Make Chicago the First City of the World." Now it doesn't bother.

WHEN I first got to Chicago, in November, 1938, I didn't even know that anything had changed. I was simply relieved to find in the city neither the newness nor the briskness that I dislike and that I had been led to expect. The Midwestern friendliness that I had been warned I would have to put up with was well dissimulated by the airport personnel. Seen from the taxi, on the long ride in from the airport, the place looked slower, shabbier, and, in defiance of all chronology, older than New York. There was an outer-London dinginess to the streets; the low buildings, the industrial plants, and the railroad crossings at grade produced less the feeling of being in a great city than of riding through an endless succession of factory-town main streets. The transition to the Loop and its tall buildings was abrupt, like entering a walled city. I found it beguilingly medieval.

I first noticed something like what I had been warned to expect when I reached, on a thoroughfare called Ashland Avenue, a point near which the city begins to look like a city. The street there is lined with bizarre stone houses that were once family residences, but of what class I have never been able to decide. They aren't mansions, but they aren't smack up against each other, either, and most of them have little spires and turrets that make them look all the more desolate now, like a bedraggled old woman in the remains of a spirited hat. The first you strike as you come from the airport have Negro tenants, who bulge out of the windows and spill down the stoops. The last are given over to far shabbier whites. On a street corner along Ashland Avenue, I noticed a large sign proclaiming, "Chicago has the finest system of boulevards and parks in the world." That sounded to me like the Boy Scout with the Purdue pennant. This form of civic self-approbation is not extinct in Chicago. A huge sign on Michigan Boulevard reads, "This is the Magnificent Mile. It is lined with the most beautiful buildings and the finest and most luxurious shops in the World." Such vestiges of the old spirit, like the *Tribune's* unchanging subtitle, "The World's Greatest Newspaper," are regarded by the inhabitants with the same kind of affection they bestow upon the old Water Tower, which survived the Fire of 1871. They are links with the plangent past. "Heiress of all the ages, she stands in the foremost files of time," the *Tribune* editorialized about Chicago in 1893.

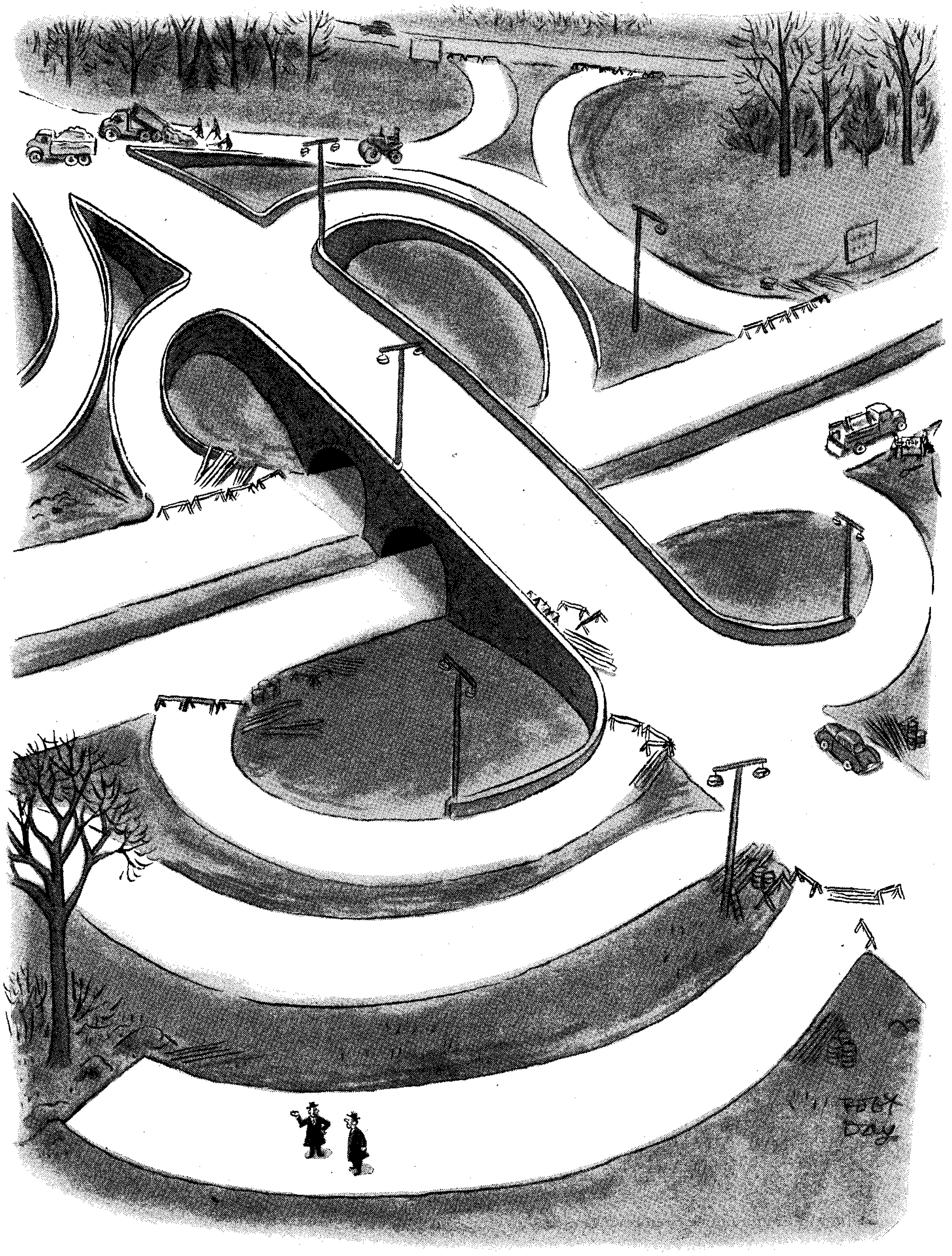
A thing about Chicago that impressed me from the hour I got there was the saloons. New York bars operate on the principle that you want a drink or you wouldn't be there. If you're civil and don't mind waiting, they will sell you one when they get around to it. Chicago bars assume that nobody likes liquor, and that to induce the customers to purchase even a minute quantity, they have to provide a show. Restaurateurs, I was to learn, approach the selling of food from the same angle. The Porterhouse, a restaurant in the Hotel Sherman, when I last looked in on it, had six cowboy violinists in fringed pants to play "Tales from the Vienna Woods" at your table in order to sell you a hamburger, and the menu listed credits for costume and scenic design. The urge to embellishment found literary outlet in the listing of things to eat, such as:

> Ah, the PORTERHOUSE! Aristocrat of steaks . . . most delectable of steaks. Greatest of all the steaks, for within it are encompassed the Tenderloin, the Sirloin, the meaty bone of the full loin. Small wonder that in this fabulous steak, ERNEST BYFIELD found inspiration for the name of the last . . . and the finest room he was to conceive!
>
> Carved from vintaged corn-fed beef, your PORTERHOUSE is broiled under a high heat that seals in the flavor-giving juices . . . sears the rich fat to a crispy-edged succulence. Specify to your Captain the precise degree of "doneness" you require—and tell him, too, whether you wish it to be graced with garlic's subtle savor.

One of the more modest items on the menu was "Chuck Wagon Beef Stew, Sautéd Julienne of Beef Tenderloin in Hot Sour Cream Sauce with Rice." Walking through a cocktail lounge and into another dining room in the Sherman, known as the Well of the Sea, I was handed a bill of fare proposing "Bahama Conch Chowder with Barbados Rum, said to be a favorite soup of Ernest Hemingway, believed by the natives of the Bahama Islands to promote virility and longevity" and "Scallops in Season: Called St. James Shells in England. Says Elliot Paul, 'Cleverest and most tasty of Mollusks.' " The Sherman menu writer is in the great tradition of a Chicago restaurateur named Dario Toffenetti, who opened a New York *succursale*, where, in season, he sells "Autumnal Pumpkin Pie in an Avalanche of Whipped Cream."

The smallest bars provide an organist or a pianist or two organists or two pianists, or a pianist and an organist back to back, both backs, if female, bare to the coccyx. The musicians work on a small dais behind the bottles. Places slightly larger furnish a singer and a comedian, as well. Their art makes conversation impossible, but on my first visit to Chicago I had no one to talk to anyway, so I found it a pleasant custom. It wasn't until I went back later and made some friends in the city that I learned to long for the sociable quiet of a New York bar, in which you can snarl at your companions without having to use a microphone.

The Chicago bars also employ blondes known as dice girls, who stand behind small green baize layouts and keep score on customers attempting a ten-dice game called Twenty-Six. In this game, you try to roll any number from one to six twenty-six times or better in thirteen tries, the odds against such an achievement, according to experts, being slightly less than five to one. The customary bet is a quarter, but you can play higher. If you win, the house pays four to one, which gives it a seventeen-per-cent edge. This is about the same as the take of the parimutuel machines in New



"Here's what I was telling you about. It seems to be sort of a loose end."

York State. The bar, however, pays its four to one in trade, on which there is a profit of perhaps three hundred per cent. One of my most astute Chicago friends, a native, is sure the girls can control the dice with magnets. I do not believe this for a minute, but it illustrates the working of the Chicago mind. It is inconceivable to my friend that the house should be content with the monumental advantage it already has. Yet he plays the game steadily, mostly in bars around the Loop. He loves that grim rectangle, bound in its iron crown of elevated-railroad tracks, and says that during the war, when he was overseas and he thought of Chicago, it was always of the Loop in the rain, with the sound of the low-pitched, bisyllabic police whistles, like sea birds' cries.

I began my investigation of Chicago's saloons the first evening I spent in the city, and wound up by wandering out from the center of the Loop along a street called West Madison, which resembles a Bowery of a more raucous sort than the one we know. Toward the end of my run, I found myself in an area where whiskey was two shots for a quarter—and the entertainment was more copious than ever. I have never heard "Mexicali Rose" sung so well as that night on West Madison Street. I arrived back in my hotel filled with that tranquil satisfaction that follows a revel in a strange town, in which nobody will turn up next day to remind you how dull you were.

The following afternoon, I went out to Sportsman's Park, which was—and is—a half-mile race track, such as one would expect to find at a county-fair meeting. Because hardly anybody will risk a good horse on such short turns, the long spring and fall meetings there attract a class of stables usually seen only in places like Puerto Rico (among the winners last year was a horse just off a successful campaign at Raton, New Mexico), and the size of the purses and the grade of the jockeys are scaled to the class of competition. Only the crowds and the betting pools are city-size; there is no other racing in Chicago while Sportsman's is in operation. A year or so ago, the track auditor, a man named Hugo Bennett, testified before the Kefauver Committee that he had lent eighty thousand dollars of the track's funds to Paul (The Waiter) Ricca, for no special reason. Ricca is reputedly a gangster with power to influence the awarding of racing dates. Edward J. O'Hare, the first president of Sportsman's, was shot and killed on the street in 1939. The track was built originally for greyhound racing and scaled to dogs rather than horses. The gyp (for gypsy) horsemen who race there now are small owners trying to win their living in purse money and from clients who will pay for a tip. Half the horses, in my time, apparently spent race mornings with all four feet in tubs of numbing ice. Few horses are worked under saddle at Sportsman's, for fear they will break down; they are "ponied," which means that a mounted man gets out in front of them and gallops them on a lead line. To bear up under a jockey's weight for the duration of a race once a week is about all the trainers expect of their steeds.

Sportsman's is beyond the city line, in Cicero, a town devoted to the cult of Al Capone, who did much to put it on the map. Cicero looks no more or less sinister than any other Passaic—tarpaper roofs, frame dwellings flaking paint, and beer signs. It was in a saloon there one evening that I met a wonderful woman with a gift for capsule autobiography. She was the daughter of a Lithuanian saloonkeeper, and was flanking her father behind the bar when I stopped in. The bar was on the ground floor of their house and had surely been a home-brew or needle-beer joint before repeal came and they opened the front door. "I was once married to a rich man who manufactured printing ink," this lady told me. "But he was always too potst. So I came home to Dad."

In the barbershop at Sportsman's one morning, I saw a colored man cornered by another, whom he had pretended skillfully but unsuccessfully not to see. "How come you haven't been around since you hit that daily double?" the interceptor said. "You used to be so jammy-jammy with me." I never say potst or jammy-jammy without thinking of a city with lifted head, singing.

THE second time I visited Chicago was in the early spring of 1941. My purpose in going there then was to talk with General Robert E. Wood, chairman of the board of Sears, Roebuck, and with a young man named Robert Douglas Stuart, Jr., son of a vice-president of Quaker Oats. They were chairman and national director, respectively, of the America First Committee, an organization devoted to keeping the United States from aiding Great Britain in her war effort. This was also the official line of the Communist Party, for the Soviets and the Third Reich were still jammy-jammy, but there was no reason to suspect America First of Leninism. General Wood looked more like a general than most generals get to look, somewhat resembling Warren Gamaliel Harding. He was also even more positive than most

Charles of the Ritz
hand-blends
your face powder
right before your eyes

that's why it does the most for your beauty, $1, $2, $3 sizes (plus tax)

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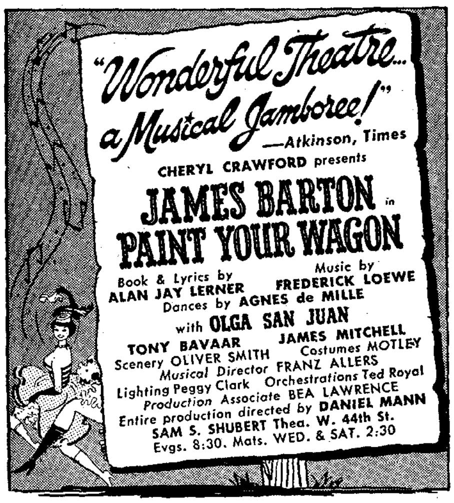

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Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with OLGA SAN JUAN
TONY BAVAAR JAMES MITCHELL
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Musical Director FRANZ ALLERS
Lighting Peggy Clark Orchestrations Ted Royal
Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE
Entire production directed by DANIEL MANN
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The THEATRE GUILD presents
A Gay New Comedy
Lo and Behold!
By JOHN PATRICK
with LEO G. CARROLL • LEE GRANT • JEFFREY LYNN
Directed by BURGESS MEREDITH
BOOTH THEATRE
45th St. W. of B'way
Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

generals get to be, and told me that a German victory could not possibly endanger the United States, then as naked of armament as a garden worm. The General had served in the Quartermaster Corps during the First World War and he knew. He expressed no concern over what a German victory would mean to Europe; he considered preoccupation with any country other than America treasonable. He said the Eastern seaboard didn't represent America, whose rich, red heart, he let me understand, beat within the walls of the Chicago Board of Trade Building, on the eighteenth floor of which we sat talking, in the America First offices.

General Wood was obviously a decent man, but he gave me a feeling of remoteness from the world I knew that was even stronger than the one I had had in Franco Spain the day I crossed the French frontier after Pétain asked for the armistice of 1940. The Spanish civilians at least could understand from their own experience the meaning of conquest. The national director, nearly forty years the General's junior, was even more disquieting, because, despite his youth, he was equally assured. All things, national and international, were manifest to the manufacturers of overalls and breakfast cereals, and the America First letterhead showed that the General and the oatlet had behind them the man who made Spam and a man who made steel and a man who had investments in salt, teletype machines, and wristwatches. As intellectual reference, they offered Robert Maynard Hutchins, the president of the University of Chicago.

After we entered the war, I have been told, Chicago was gloriously hospitable to service men and at least as bellicose as any other city in the country where people were making money hand over fist. But I could not understand why what was so plain, in the spring of 1941, in New York and Washington and Lisbon and London should be so bitterly denied by so large a segment of the dominant group in this particular city and region. They appeared to live in a pressurized cabin, unaffected by the weight of the outside air. It was not until long afterward that I began to think I understood those men. As much as any unreconstructed Confederates, the mail-order giants and puffed-fluff kings have found themselves the leaders of a lost cause. Their personal fortunes may be great, but the world has not gone as they willed it. Chicago's bid for grandeur has failed, and they remain permanently dissident; whatever happens anywhere else is wrong. As a matter of fact, most of the men who think of themselves as leaders have, physically, abandoned the city out of office hours, and so have most of their assistants. The relatively small white-collar population converges daily on the Loop by rail and at night leaps over the surrounding sprawl of city wards—dreary clusters of frame houses and factories—to go home to suburbs like Oak Park, to the west, and Evanston, to the north. Upper- and lower-middle groups commute together, leaving behind them each night the exiguous skyscraper core and the vast, anonymous pulp of the city, plopped down by the lakeside like a piece of waterlogged fruit. Chicago after nightfall is a small city of the rich who have not yet migrated, visitors, and hoodlums, surrounded by a large expanse of juxtaposed dimnesses.

By the time of my second visit, I knew at least one Chicago couple. They were a New York woman I had worked with on the old *World* and her husband, a Chicago man, who was employed by a textbook publisher. The city was marvellously dilapidated, they reported when I went to call on them. New York, in retrospect, seemed to the wife a kind of Spotless Town. Chicago was amusing for one year, she said, but after the arrival of the baby she was expecting, they would move to Evanston, which has a Bahai temple, Northwestern University, and no saloons.

WHEN I returned again to Chicago, in 1949, it was with the soon regretted design of settling down there for some time. So did various of Hakluyt's venturers, on one voyage sighting a coast afar and on a second putting ashore a boat's crew who shot an Indian with a gold ring in his nose, return a third time for a full-scale settlement, with women, hens, and demiculverins, only to perish of shipwreck, arrows, or malaria. On this voyage, I took with me a wife and stepdaughter, and by then I had a considerable circle of Chicago acquaintances—a psychiatrist, whom I had come to know in North Africa during the war, and his wife; a war correspondent, retired, and *his* wife; the textbook people, who had moved to the aseptic suburb of Evanston; and an assortment of others, whom my wife and I had met at cocktail parties in New York. A friend's friend had found for us, after weeks of intelligence work, a furnished apartment. (Housing was tighter in Chicago than even in Washington, we were informed.) We had abandoned a New York apartment, and it struck us that the one the Chicagoan had turned up for us was in-

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comparably more elegant, though far less comfortable than the one we had left. It was on the Gold Coast, two short blocks from the Lake, in a building of which the upper floors command a lacustrine vista that increases rentals. Unfortunately, we were on a lower floor. It was a sixteen-story coöperative building with two apartments on each floor, and the woman just above us, with whom our landlord had left the key, said it was as friendly as an old-time boarding house. "All the apartments are laid out just alike," she told us, "and that makes it homey, because no matter whose apartment you're in, you know where everything is. Last New Year's Eve, eleven of us got together and gave a party in all our eleven apartments, one above the other. One apartment was South American, with a rumba band, and another was Wild West, with a square-dance caller, and another French, with an accordionist, and you just took the elevator from one to another, and lay where you fell."

The woman across the hall was even friendlier. On being introduced, she suggested to my wife that after we had moved in, we leave our door on the latch and she would leave hers, so we could wander in and out like one big family. We ducked that one, and laid ourselves open to an imputation of Eastern snobbishness. It is uncertain, however, whether the woman wanted us to act upon her proposal. A transplanted Philadelphian we met later said that at his first Chicago parties everybody he met insisted they must get together again within a week. None ever called. "It's just a way of talking they have," he said. "I don't think they're very warm. They mix less than they say they will, and perhaps less than they think they do. They're not given to meeting friends in restaurants, which means that their social repertory is fixed by their facilities for entertaining. A family able to manage two dinners for six guests each every month, for instance, will soon find itself limited to friendship with six couples, for each couple will invite it back every month, and the next month it starts all over again. This means a snug schedule, and the only way to break it without making two enemies is to leave town."

—A. J. LIEBLING

(This is the first of a series of articles on Chicago.)

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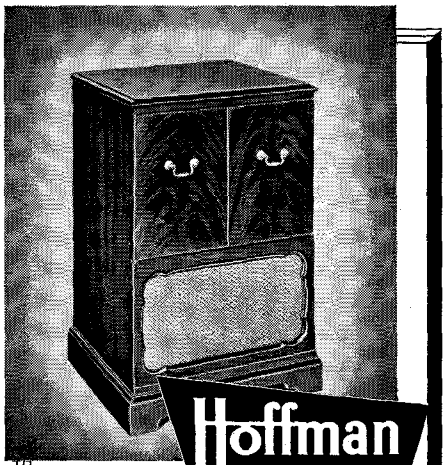
Birds are the best flyers in the animal kingdom.—*Anchorage (Alaska) Daily Times.*

They certainly *work* at it hard enough.



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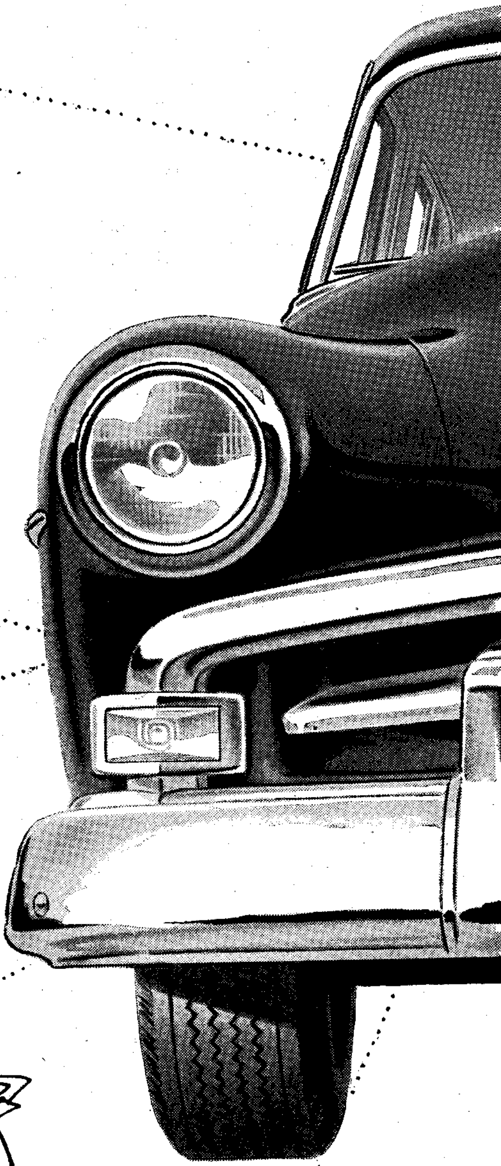

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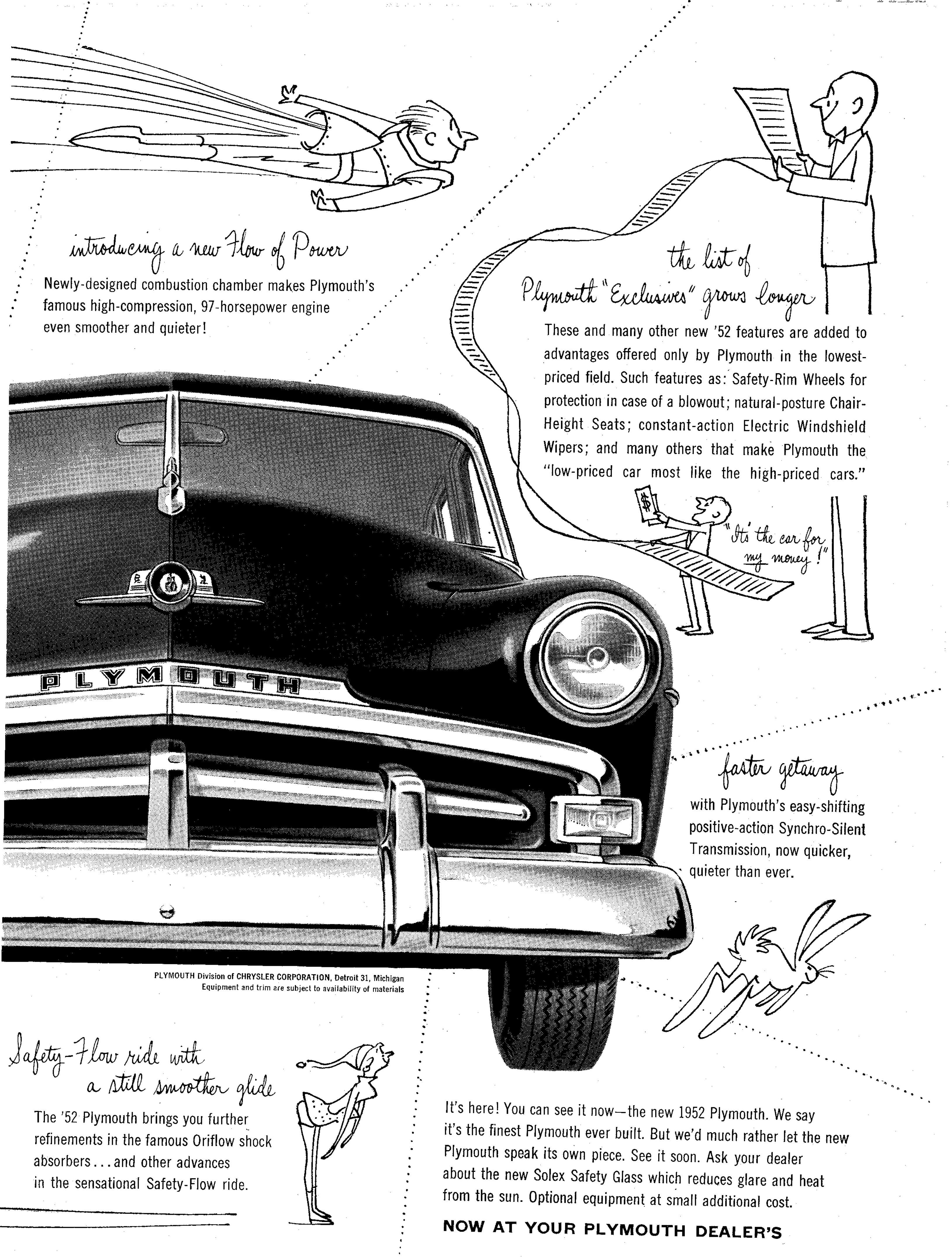
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THE THEATRE

FINE LOW FUN

FOR the past few years, owing largely, I should say, to the influence of Oscar Hammerstein II, the books of most of the successful musical comedies have been adapted from works of a high-minded and romantic nature. There was the enormously popular "Oklahoma!," which was taken from a negligible stage piece called "Green Grow the Lilacs" and which, in spite of a rather arch suggestion of depravity here and there, remained essentially a story of pure young love; there was "Carousel," derived from the morality play "Liliom" and somewhat arbitrarily transplanted to New England; there was "South Pacific," again adapted from something else, which demonstrated that a strong personal attachment can survive the worst horrors of war; there was "The King and I," rewritten from "Anna and the King of Siam," which dealt with a tentative and absolutely correct relationship between a man and a woman under unusually exotic circumstances; there were a great many others, including "Guys and Dolls," a distillation of several stories by Damon Runyon, which featured a great many disreputable characters who somehow wound up on the side of the angels.

All these operations had, of course, their merits, but the triumph of virtue, or the proposition that a heart of gold beats in even the most unlikely bosom, can eventually get monotonous, and the moral reprobate at the helm here has seldom been happier than he was at the revival of "Pal Joey," a confection in which all the principals are governed by the basest possible motives, with the exception of one young woman who just seems to be a saphead. As I noted here about a dozen years ago when "Pal Joey" was first produced, a good many people were clearly shocked by it, especially the critic for the *Times*, who described it indignantly as "scabrous." I advanced the theory at the time that immorality on the stage is perfectly acceptable as long as it isn't accompanied by popular music. Standards apparently have changed, probably for the worse, because up to now I have met nobody who found anything embarrassing in the goings on at the Broadhurst. A few, indeed, said they considered the whole thing a little quaint, but the chances are they were just showing off.

The production, as you must have read elsewhere, is superlative. Vivienne Segal, who gave such a wonderfully funny and incisive performance the first time, is even better now, playing the aging but still predatory Chicago matron with a style that not many actresses nowadays can approach. Harold Lang, though perhaps a bit too wholesome and innocent in behavior for the sweet little heel that the author had in mind, manages to give that effect of uneasy elegance (he went, it seems, to both Princetown and Dart*mouth* and had a considerable knack with polo ponies before the family fortunes mysteriously declined) that is the essence of the part. Helen Gallagher is remarkably witty and charming, in a sinister sort of way, as the night-club dancer who takes on a little blackmail on the side; Lionel Stander is suitably oily and malignant as the agent who instigates the plot to shake down Joey and his fashionable protectress; Elaine Stritch, a comedienne hitherto vaguely depressing to me, gets, and deserves, possibly the greatest ovation of the evening for her rendition of a number called "Zip," in which a tough newspaper reporter does something that may best be defined as a sort of intellectual strip tease; Pat Northrop is very appealing as about the only character around the joint who wouldn't cut your throat for a nickel; and Jack Waldron, Helen Wood, and Robert Fortier are all admirable in lesser but fairly important parts.

"Pal Joey," of course, is the combined work of John O'Hara, who handled the book; Richard Rodgers, who wrote the music; and the late Lorenz Hart, who was responsible for the lyrics. None of these gifted men need any compliments from me, but I would like to say that in such numbers as "Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered," "I Could Write a Book," "The Flower Garden of My Heart," and "In Our Little Den," Mr. Hart contrived some of the most fascinating lyrics I have ever heard, and that his loss to the theatre seems to me a very sad one indeed. Robert Alton's choreography and general direction are, I think, small miracles of humor and invention—a good deal superior to these same features in the original version—and the settings and costumes, designed by Oliver Smith and Miles White, respectively, are exactly right, too.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

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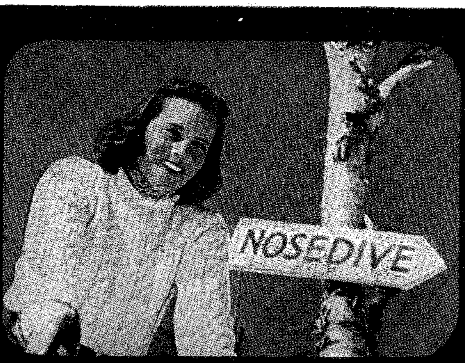

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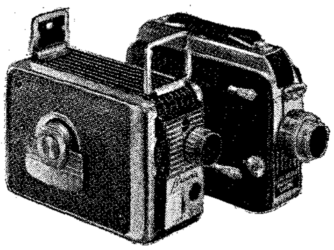

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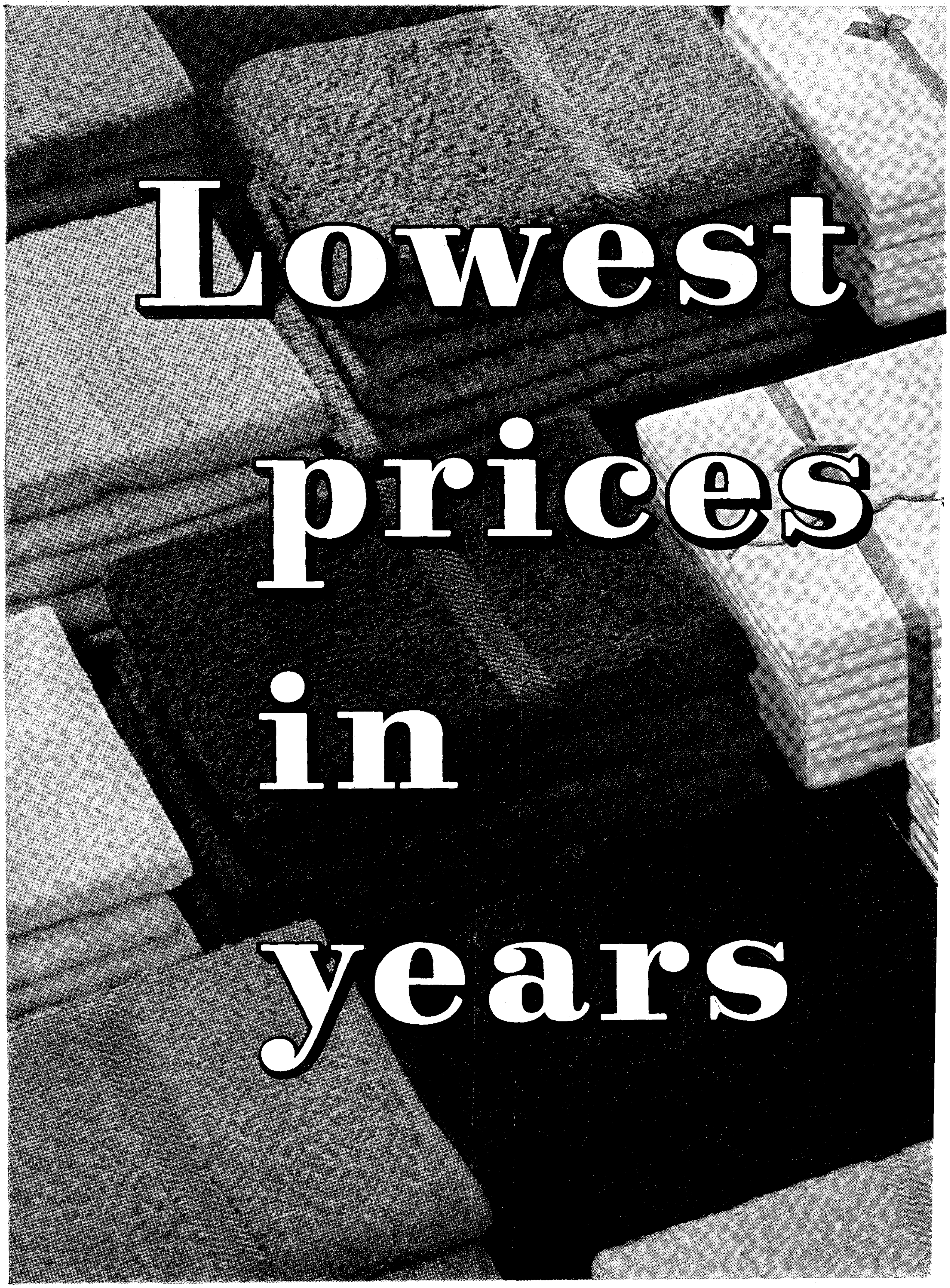
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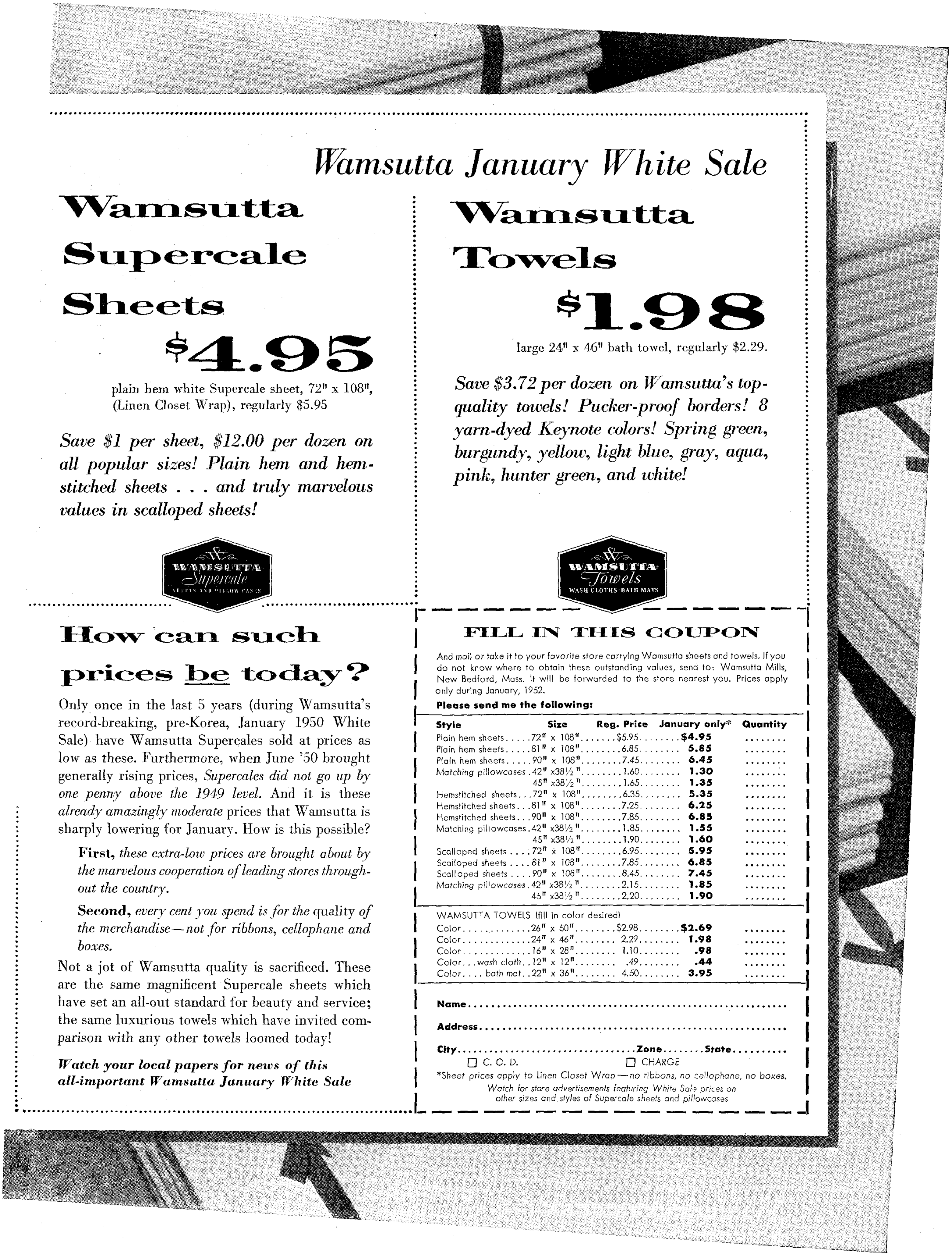

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Hemstitched sheets	81" x 108"	7.25	**6.25**	....
Hemstitched sheets	90" x 108"	7.85	**6.85**	....
Matching pillowcases	42" x38½"	1.85	**1.55**	....
	45" x38½"	1.90	**1.60**	....
Scalloped sheets	72" x 108"	6.95	**5.95**	....
Scalloped sheets	81" x 108"	7.85	**6.85**	....
Scalloped sheets	90" x 108"	8.45	**7.45**	....
Matching pillowcases	42" x38½"	2.15	**1.85**	....
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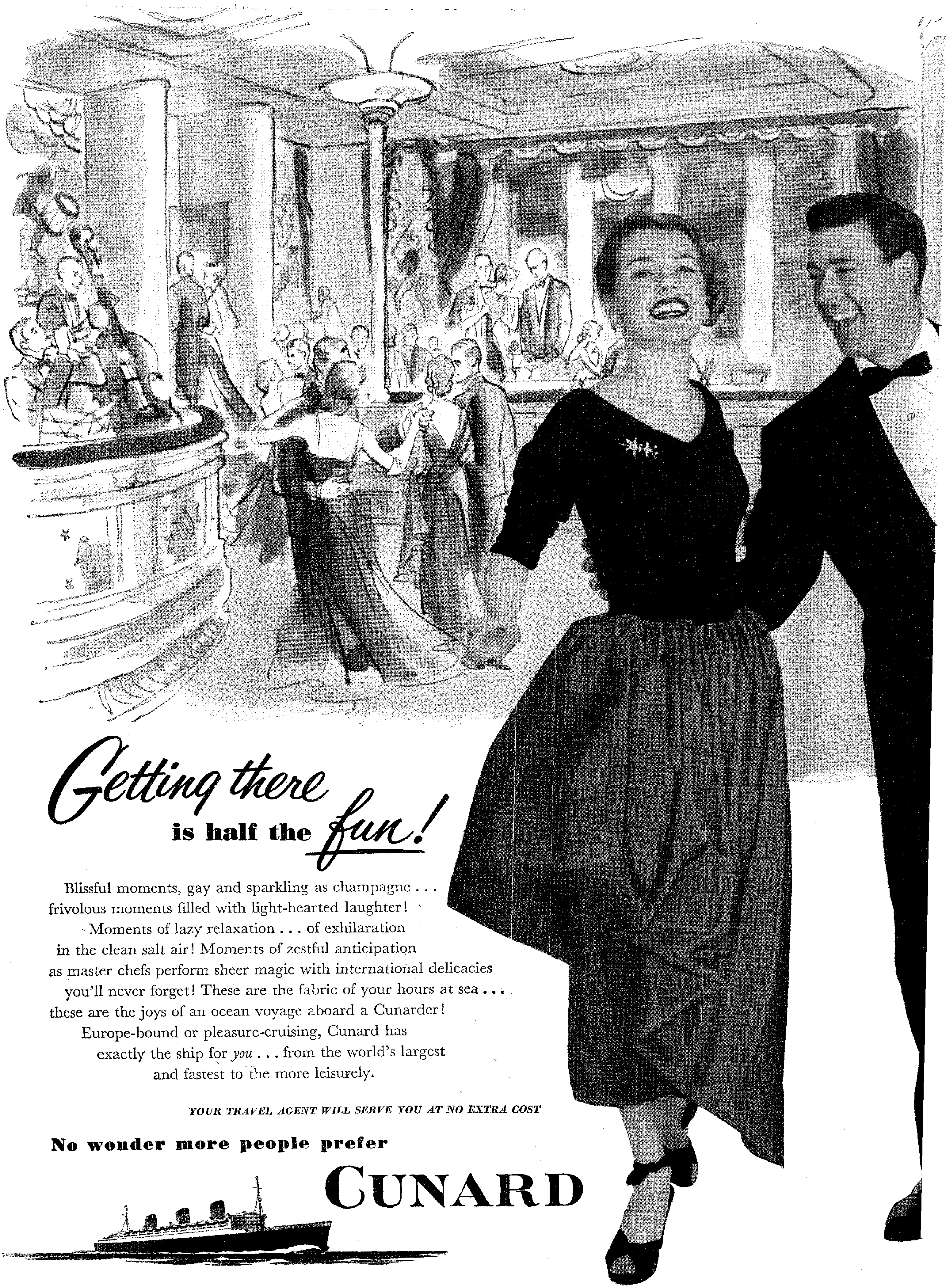

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LETTER FROM PARIS

JANUARY 2

ACCORDING to three tip-top Paris astrologers, who, instead of leading statesmen for a change, were consulted by a Paris newspaper on what 1952 might bring to French history, it will be *une bonne année*. That is to say, the three stargazers were unanimous in stating that there would be no war. One of them tentatively added that there could be some tension, "*genre* 1938." But to offset any summer worry recalling Hitler and Munich, he predicted that France would win this year's international bicycle race. The second prophet added that because of the odd position of Venus, there would be "a spate of literary works in very bad taste." French book critics possibly were not surprised to hear that astrological influence may be necessary to bring about a new high in daring, considering some of the printed productions that appeared this last year. The only sibyl of the three—she lives in the elegant Auteuil neighborhood, apparently on a clientele of rich industrialists—added that 1952 will bring "a great deal of progress and a great many accidents; because of the malefic planets' being unusually unstable, there will also be financial fluctuations." Even Parisian businessmen, who in their perplexities consult the Bourse rather than the heavens, have already figured that the franc may well be devaluated this year. Christmas shopping was thirty per cent heavier than last year, Paris merchants say, and New Year's *réveillon* prices were steeper by fifty per cent. In this unexpected burst of prosperous, relaxed gaiety, the greatest since the war, the French public was, as usual, the loser, but for once enjoyed it.

THE year also ended with a significant clash between a couple of leading churchly and laic literary minds, a clash that has already become a *cause célèbre*. It consisted of an exchange of open letters between men who had been friends until the ink started to flow—François Mauriac, the noted ultra-Catholic novelist and editorialist of the daily *Figaro*, and Jean Cocteau, the noted, frequently pagan poet. On the surface, the quarrel centered on "Bacchus," Cocteau's new play, lately given a *Tout-Paris* opening by the Jean-Louis Barrault repertory troupe at the Théâtre Marigny, which Mauriac walked out on, offended by what he considered its frivolous sacrileges. Like Jean-Paul Sartre's recent "Le Diable et le Bon Dieu," Cocteau's piece, despite its mythological name, deals with the Martin Luther period in Germany and the so-called heresy of the new, free, Renaissance European mind, boldly seeking the liberty of personal truth. The two plays are also alike in that neither is its author's best. Cocteau's is adroit and stimulating; Sartre's is profound and, except for its splendid first act, boring. Mauriac's letter, which started the trouble, was run on the front page of the weekly *Figaro Littéraire* and looked like an encyclical, except for some relieving, very human and malignant opening touches, such as "Thou art at once the hardest and most fragile of creatures. [Both letters of rupture were, oddly, written in the second person singular, usually consecrated to expressions of love.] Thy hardness is that of an insect, thou hast its resistant shell. Nevertheless, if one squeezed a little too much— But no, that I shall not do." More loftily, he continued, "At the Marigny the other night, I suffered for the real Cocteau, the invisible Cocteau whom God knows and loves." With this, Mauriac started on his real sermon, reprimanding Cocteau for having used in his play a buffoon bishop and a cynical cardinal to represent the ever-noble Holy Church, and for having willfully composed subversive statements. Mauriac then went into redemption, Hell, saints, and God—not as a drama critic writing to a dramatist in a literary weekly but as a sacerdotal authority giving warning from a Sabbatical pulpit.

Cocteau's answering letter, obviously hastily written, was in print a few hours later, in the afternoon daily *France-Soir*. His letter was called "Je t'Accuse," recalling Zola's famous denunciatory letter in the Dreyfus case. Each of Cocteau's nineteen paragraphs began "Je t'accuse . . ." "I accuse thee, if thou art a good Catholic, of being a bad Christian," he said. He also accused Mauriac of being uncultivated, since the subversive statements Mauriac charged him with composing were taken from the Thomist Jacques Maritain, from Napoleon, from a medieval Archbishop Elector of Mayence, and from followers of Calvin. "I accuse thee of seeing only the ignoble in our

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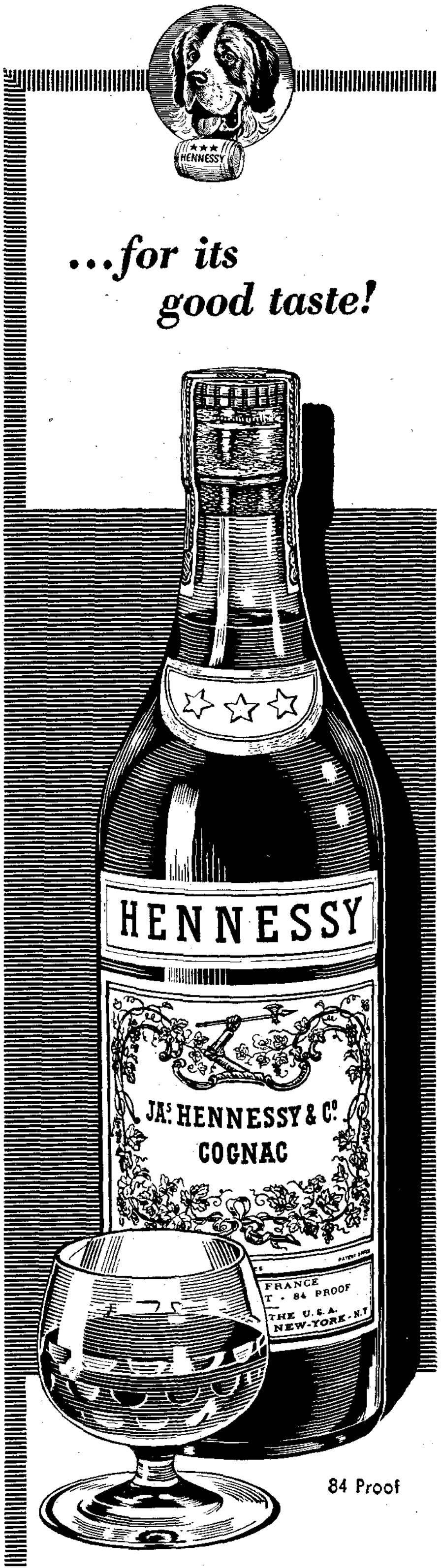
world, and of limiting nobility to another world, which escapes us as incomprehensible. . . . At our age [both have turned sixty], one is no longer beautiful, but one can have a beautiful soul. I accuse thee of not having cared for thy soul. Thou canst insult me again," Cocteau concluded, deftly turning the other cheek. "I shall not answer. Adieu."

In addition to the titillation the correspondence provoked in the intelligent, if fashionable, circles the two men frequent, it has provoked serious reactions. Mauriac's letter caused considerably more shock among liberal Catholics in the *faubourg* than had Cocteau's play. It was felt that Mauriac had deliberately pushed Cocteau's creative faculties into the limbo of heresy, a strange region to reëstablish in France a hundred and sixty years after the French Revolution, which set up the doctrine of free ideas, free speech, and reason. One aristocratic lady of the polemists' circle said, in disapproval of Mauriac, "A little more, and he will remind us of Louis XIV," as if that period were only yesterday, with its ruthless repression of the Jansenists and its persecution of the Protestants by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes (both of which, as a matter of fact, Mauriac has always insisted he deplores).

Mauriac is the most powerful Catholic editorialist, essayist, and literary leader in France. It is his constant reference to God in his *Figaro* editorials—as if the Divinity were underwriting his opinions—along with today's general witch-hunt tendency, especially in the United States, that has lately been worrying liberal, educated French Catholics. Some French Church figures added to this worry over the holidays. The Auxiliary Bishop of Lyon has just declared that "anyone who launches a preventive war is a war criminal; one has no right to obey a government that is leading its nation into preventive war," which sounds like advocating resistance to State authority. Also, harsh pre-Christmas denunciations of Le Père Noël, or Santa Claus, were made by the Bishop of Bayonne, the Archbishop of Besançon, the Archbishop of Toulouse, and a Monseigneur of Notre Dame de Paris. These powerful prelates, who apparently resent Santa Claus as a popular Canton-flannel lay competitor of the Church's classically costumed Nativity figures, excoriated him as a Saxon myth who never existed except in parents' annual falsehoods to their children. And in Dijon, Père Noël was burned in effigy in front of the Cathedral of



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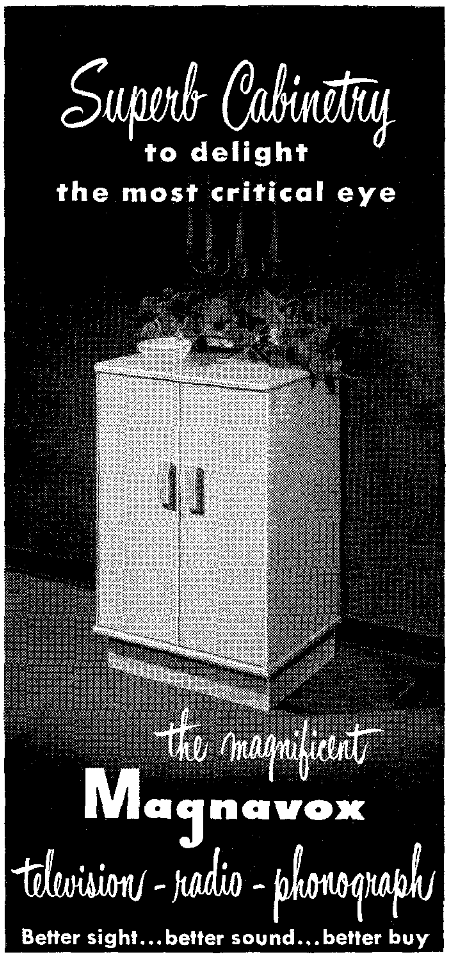

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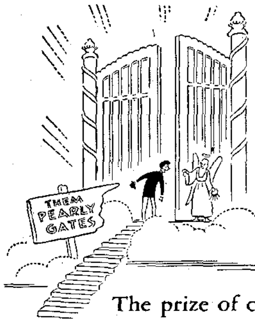

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Saint-Bénigne, before the startled gaze of assembled parish youngsters. These stern anti-Santa Claus measures roused unfavorable repercussions all over France from newspapers, parents, and the four- and five-year-olds of the citizenry.

Certainly the most noticeable novelty in 1951 politics was the revival of the old friction between Church and liberals. This was thought to have been settled at the turn of the century, when France was torn apart by it, and reunited only by the famous law that separated Church and State. Though 1951 was filled with modern political problems involving the survival not only of France but of Western Europe, it was none of these that paralyzed the French government and Parliament for weeks. It was, instead, the vain, diehard fight of all the anticlerical parties—not only of the Left but of the Right and the middle—against the State's being forced to give aid once more to Catholic schools. The aid given was small. It was the principle involved that to all the anxious liberals seemed mighty and of great price. One of Cocteau's accusations against Mauriac was that he was like the bigoted churchmen who condemned Le Père Noël to be burned in a public place. Perhaps, through his editorials in *Le Figaro*, Mauriac will eventually inform his readers, including those in the primary grades, who will be authorized by the clerics to bring their toys down the chimney next Christmas.

ON the whole, 1951 was a decisive, encouraging year in France—though an ambiguous, worrying one. Especially toward the end, it contained decisions that were like seeds put under the soil to sprout, it is hoped, and produce some kind of visible, nourishing crop of events during the new year. The most amazing planting, of

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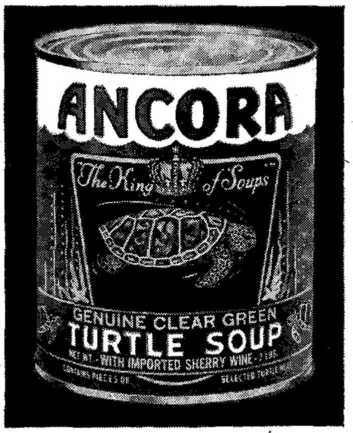
course, was the sprout for a United States of Europe, put down at the last minute by the recent meeting in Paris of the Foreign Ministers of the six Western nations concerned. It would seem that these six big and little nations, hungry at last because of their own destructive raidings of each other as rival individuals, had decided—with more fussy protest in favor of sovereignty rights from the little chaps than from the big—that they must come trustfully to a common table, where all must eat democratically or else perish from the continued incontinent grabbing. Maybe the Ministers' notion of a supranational European Parliament will not really start functioning until 1953, for lots of advance talking will, naturally, still have to be done to lay foundations for that Parliament and its endless talking later. But at least the one word the six Ministers had to say to get the idea going has been said, and that was "Yes."

Also, after a year and a half of vague chat and many misgivings, the Schuman plan for pooling Western European coal and steel has finally been ratified here. There is even hope that the pool idea can be developed to cover other commodities and break down some of the ridiculous customs duties of Western Europe. (The tariff barriers of the United States are evidently still regarded as beyond all human control.) For instance, some Belgian customs officials have been searching the luggage of incoming French travellers for frogs. It appears that back around 1870 the importation of French frogs' legs for Belgian gourmets was quite a lively trade, and they are still listed as dutiable in the Belgian *douaniers'* books.

The European Army idea has also developed in the past year, at least to the point where it seems almost a sure thing—though smaller than planned—if Western Germany will only agree to button enough of itself into uniform. Paradoxes in European foreign affairs are seldom funny any longer, but it is still comical enough that the European Army idea, originally conceived as a way of making Germany an equal while preventing her from again becoming a military superior, has struck a snag in the Germans' unusual distaste for doing any soldiering at all.

Now, just when France herself seems to be sitting fairly solidly for the first time since the armistice, the crumbling of the Middle East, in Iran and Egypt, has begun to have its cracking effect on the colonial French holdings in North Africa. Wisely or not, the French

the King of Soups



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government and the United Nations have been giving the runaround to the various official native delegations that have come to Paris to present their demands for *la liberté*. We international journalists in Paris have all been sent excellently translated selections from the Arabic propaganda being put forth by the Tunisian nationalist party, for example, which is demanding home rule. We have been propagandized by His Majesty Mohammed V, Sultan of Morocco, who augustly says in a booklet, with all his personal pronouns capitalized, "It is Our desire to see a convention guaranteeing to Morocco its full sovereignty"—or home rule again. And we have even had propaganda sheets from Les Etudiants Egyptiens et Soudanais à Paris, who want "to be master in their own home," which in this case means wanting the British to go home. The trouble is that if all the so-called occupiers of Western Europe and the Middle East went home, they would do so with the feeling that the Soviet occupiers of Eastern Europe would step in and never go home. —GENÊT

•

FISHING THROUGH ICE

Submerged in wind, the mimic house
stands on its frozen floor; the lake
is its gigantic cellar where the light
thickens from blue to green to final black.
Into that seasonless flood, through wintry holes,
we drop our timid weapons toward the fish:
the shad, the cusk, and the thin golden lakers.

And for long hours motionless we crouch
above eternity and the deep world that is
impenetrable to us, feeling no slightest jerk
at our thin hopes, impatient of delay,
until, like a miracle, the line grows taut:
we have hooked fast to fate; with dreadful ease
we haul the screaming victim from his depths.
—ELEANOR NUDD

•

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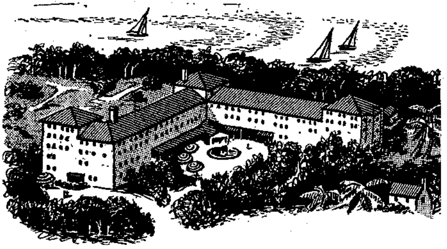
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Scots' Wahoo

"BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE," an English film, is a pleasantly foolish Technicolor interpretation of what happened in 1745 when the Macdonalds and some of the other clans of Scotland, in an attempt to restore James Stuart to the throne of England, followed his son into battle against the Sassenachs. As this picture—sort of a Scottish Western—tells the tale, son Charlie would have become the heir to the kingdom if his chieftains, with the odds six to one against them, hadn't got cold feet about attacking the English on their home grounds. (On the other hand, the history of this campaign as set down in the Encyclopædia Britannica, to which I have just had recourse, indicates that even before Charlie ventured into England, a good many Scots had lit out for home and hearthside.) The picture is not lacking in moments of unconscious levity, what with David Niven, as Prince Charlie, rallying his hardy Highlanders to his standard in a voice barely large enough to summon a waiter, and Martin Miller and Elwyn Brook-Jones, as King George and his son, kicking a Low Dutch accent around like Smith and Dale in "Dr. Kronkheit." Against authentic backgrounds, the purported Scots look fierce and dashing in their tartans, but the accents of some of them reveal a conspicuous unfamiliarity with Scottish phonetics.

A good part of the picture is, of course, taken up with views of Highlanders beating the whey out of the enemy, but you may be sure that romance is not neglected. More or less in passing, Charlie takes up with a brunette named Clementina Walkinshaw (Judy Campbell), who advises him to forget about his boys, stop drowning his sorrows in whiskey, and relax awhile with her. He doesn't pay her much heed in the film, but from the Encyclopædia I understand they were really quite a smoldering team for many years. (I also understand, from the label on a bottle, that Charlie established Drambuie as a Scotch liqueur.) Another lady Charlie takes up with is Flora Macdonald, who is busy throughout the

All dressed up . . . and going places



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later reels seeing to it that her Prince makes a getaway to France. She is terribly broken up when he finally sails, but she points out that wherever she may be, alive or dead, she will always nurse a love for Charlie, Scotland, and possibly Drambuie. As the noble lass Macdonald, Margaret Leighton is as handsome as anyone who ever trod the heather, and as a benign and stalwart old Scot, Finlay Currie appears to be a lot more happily situated than he was when he was rolling his "r"s as Saint Peter in "Quo Vadis."

"Passion for Life" is a placid little French film that undertakes to refute the old adage about the rod and the child. It presents us with a new-day teacher who finds, after he has released a class of country schoolboys from the bonds of hardboiled discipline, that the members of the community, especially some shifty merchants, aren't too sure about the worth of his methods. However, when one of his pupils, heretofore the town lout, speaks up for the rights of children during an oral examination before some school inspectors, everything turns out for the best in the best of all possible modern worlds. Bernard Blier is agreeable as the teacher.

"Westward the Women" shows us Robert Taylor leading Denise Darcel and a parcel of other females from Chicago to California to become the brides of lonely males in residence there in the middle of the last century. Indians and other undesirable types try to interrupt their passage, but nothing deters the band from making their way out to the open spaces, and I don't think anything will deter you from following their example if you happen to get trapped in a theatre with this one.

—John McCarten

•

> Blue Lake—Thought to be septegenarian a mid winter dressed zero stranger scares area people. A strange man clad in an extra heavy over coat and a large black buffalo Bill hat, runs amuck in the by ways scareing small children, as well as adults, as he gives a yell for some one to tell him if Philadelphia was 15 miles away as he was hunting that metropolis city. He was fed as he begged for food by residents at their homes. Is he dangerous or not?—*Gallipolis (Ohio) Gallia Times.*

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THE COMINFORM AT WORK

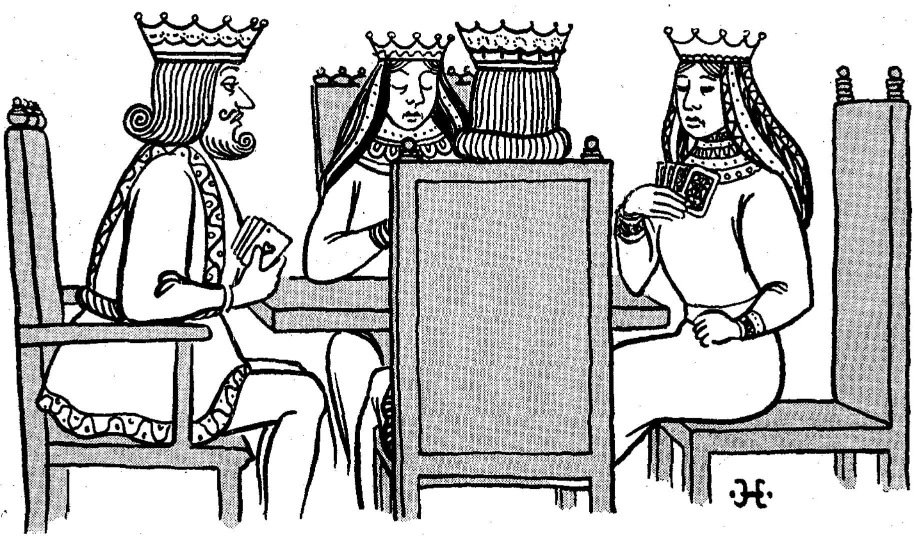
IN the propaganda skirmishes of the ideological war, the Communists and their adherents, whatever the quality of their ammunition, have not suffered for want of weapons. Even so, probably only a few Americans are familiar in detail with the unflattering image of themselves and of their country that sinistral writers and editors are parading—concurrently with exuberant tributes to the flawlessness of the jewel that is Soviet Russia—in the columns of such publications as *L'Humanité*, *Tägliche Rundschau*, *De Waarheid*, *El Universal Gráfico*, *Le Drapeau Rouge*, and *Österreichische Volksstimme*, which are printed in, respectively, France, Germany, the Netherlands, Mexico, Belgium, and Austria. Out of curiosity to see the United States as many people around the world are being resolutely urged to see it, I have in the past several months been browsing through a batch of issues of *CrossRoads* and *Blitz*, two Left Wing weekly newspapers published in Bombay, India. I chose them because, unlike any in the aforementioned group, they are English-language journals, and also because I thought that India would be an interesting propaganda battlefront to inspect, inasmuch as quite a few of its three hundred and fifty million inhabitants seem uncertain nowadays as to whether they should cast their lot with the West or the East, or if, indeed, they should cast it at all.

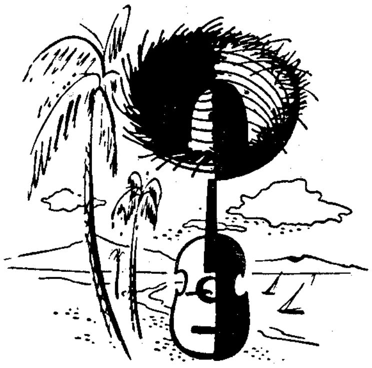
Both *Blitz*, which calls itself "Asia's Foremost Newsmagazine," and *CrossRoads*, which used to call itself "The Progressive Newsweekly" but switched last spring to "Voice of Democratic India," are tabloids, and both are edited by Indian nationals. *Blitz*, which, according to *CrossRoads*, is a "leading paper," claims a circulation of seventy thousand and more than half a million readers. *CrossRoads* has made no such claims that I have come across, but I am told by a visiting Indian journalist that its circulation is probably around twenty-five thousand. These figures don't seem awfully impressive at first sight, but only ten per cent of the Indian people are literate (most of those who can read can read English), and there isn't a daily or weekly in that nation with a circulation of over a hundred thousand. That *Blitz*, at least, has some influence would appear to be indicated by the widespread belief among Indian newspapermen that a law the Parliament in New Delhi passed last fall, authorizing the government to take legal action against any publication that incites its readers to crime or prints "objectionable" matter, was framed largely to tone *Blitz* down or shut it up completely. So far, though, *Blitz* hasn't become noticeably muted, and the government hasn't taken any formal steps against it.

THE two weeklies, though similar in general point of view, differ in a number of specific respects. *CrossRoads* is an unabashedly Communist sheet, and publishes the not infrequent official resolutions of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of India as though they were gospel, which to its editors they may well be. *Blitz*, on the other hand, declares every so often that it is not a Communist newspaper but an independent one. Its writers occasionally take what is certainly not the Party line. One of them suggested a while ago that Stalin make the unilateral gesture toward peace of destroying the Soviet Union's entire stockpile of atomic bombs, and another time the same writer charged Russia with "tactlessness, insensitivity to other people's sentiments, and provocatively bellicose utterances and actions." Such manifestations of deviationism, however, are rare. Several months ago, the *Manchester Guardian* accused *Blitz* of being a fellow-traveller of the Communists. *Blitz* replied, "Yes, we are proud to be fellow-travellers of peace and freedom and we are all the more happy that such mighty powers as the U.S.S.R. and People's China are with us." There was no suggestion of any holding back in the pursuit of this alliance because of tactlessness, insensitivity, or bellicosity on the part of one of the principals involved.

Blitz frequently draws on established Communist sources around the world for both editorial opinion and news. It reprints cartoons that originated in *L'Humanité* and in *Krokodile*, the Moscow font of humor, and it relies heavily for news of the fighting in Korea, as does *CrossRoads*, on such red-eyed observers as Alan Winnington, the London *Daily Worker* man who has been working the north side of the correspondents' beat on that peninsula. The sort of evidence that *Blitz* likes to present about the mores of the United States, which it sometimes sarcastically calls "God's Chosen Land," was typified by one Winnington dispatch it picked up, which reported that American frontline troops in Korea were so effete that they had perfume in their trenches. (Considering the conditions prevailing in trench warfare, any sensible soldier would be delighted to have some perfume around while thus engaged, but during a visit I paid to Korea several months ago I never saw or heard of any such refinement. Not only was there no perfume around but most of the soldiers I ran into would, after one or two experiences struggling up a Korean hill, have hesitated to add to the weight of their combat gear by so much as an ounce of Chanel No. 5.) *CrossRoads* depends even more than *Blitz* on the press of its liking, often carrying great hunks of stuff imported from Russia, as well as from the London and New York *Workers*.

Another difference between the two





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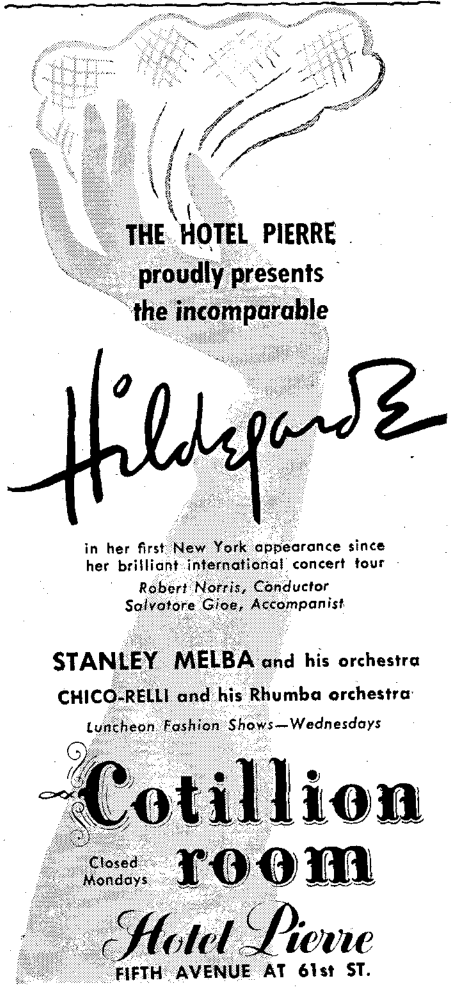
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publications is that while *CrossRoads* is, for the most part, solemn and heavy-handed, *Blitz* goes in for considerable frivolity. Its editors dote on eye-catching headlines for feature stories. Some of these have a political slant ("HORRORS OF A HINDU LADY IN PAK'S [PAKISTAN'S] 'BELSEN'" and "HUMAN HEADS FOR SALE IN THE LAND OF UNCLE SHAM [SAM]") but the majority are merely sensational ("WHY I POSE IN THE NUDE—CONFESSIONS OF A 'MODEL,'" "WILL INSECTS RULE THE WORLD?," "HEDY LAMARR, FAMOUS SCREEN TEMPTRESS, NOW CONFESSES," "CUPID HITS WORLD'S ONLY WOMAN BULLFIGHTER," "WHITE AMERICA'S BLACK GOD—CONFESSIONS OF FATHER DIVINE'S YOUNG BRIDE," "DO GHOSTS EXIST?," and "YES, YOU CAN SPEAK WITH YOUR DEAD!"). *Blitz* has a pronounced preoccupation with the occult, which is reflected in its advertising columns. Whereas *CrossRoads'* advertising is scanty and consists largely of exhortations by Leftist publishers to purchase the works of such approved authors as Lenin, Stalin, and Howard Fast, *Blitz* bubbles with ads inserted by distributors of talismans (one of them is said to make money, make friends, thwart enemies, win lawsuits, and cure feminine ailments). Then there are ads for panaceas (one oil is supposed to cure baldness, improve eyesight, induce sound sleep, prevent gray hair, and jog flagging memories), and for sexy photographs ("only for married persons"). Sometimes *Blitz* gets carried away by its fondness for the lurid. One week last summer, it played up a story, source unspecified, to the effect that the police in the state of Hyderabad used rape as a means of extorting information from women prisoners. The following week, it retracted the whole account, explaining that the "views" published had been those of a correspondent, and not of the paper itself. "There seems to be some misunderstanding about this report, which really appeared through an oversight," *Blitz* said.

WHEN *CrossRoads* and *Blitz* compare the United States and the Soviet Union, as they have a habit of doing, there is never much doubt as to which nation will come off the better. Commenting on a delay in completing an Indian dam, a project on which American engineers had been consulted, *CrossRoads* said, "What is the way out of this mess? . . . Ask any honest Indian engineer and he will tell you: 'Get engineers from the Soviet Union. They built the Dnieper Dam. . . . Soviet engineers alone can do the job, breaking through the American sabotage, at rates far cheaper than those of the Yankee looters (witness what they are doing for China), and with none of the dangers which Yankee control entails.'" Sometimes the two great powers are portrayed in a we'll-furnish-the-facts-and-you-judge-for-yourself manner. Thus, *Blitz*, within four successive pages of one issue last year, ran the following headlines: "LIAQUAT, AMERICAN VASSAL," "U.S. DRIVING WEDGE BETWEEN RUSSIA & AFGHANISTAN," "YANKS PLAN SEIZURE OF N. GUINEA," "ISRAEL SELLS OUT TO WALL ST.," and "SOVIET FOREIGN POLICY: STRUGGLE FOR PEACE." Now and then, *Blitz* will spare its readers the trouble of weighing such issues by forthrightly weighing them itself. "CAN RUSSIA & AMERICA CO-EXIST IN PEACE?" a big black headline asked at the top of an article on foreign affairs by Mme. Sun Yat-sen, and an only slightly smaller headline below it quickly answered, "YES INDEED THEY CAN, IF ONLY AMERICA SHEDS ITS WARMONGERING." *CrossRoads* refers to "two worlds: the world of price-rises and food-cuts; and the world of price-cuts and more food." Its readers know which world is supposed to be which. And it reports, "One world stands for peace, its economy is *not* a war economy, as is that of Dollarland." Its readers know what Dollarland—or "Murderland," as *CrossRoads* also calls it—is; it is the land that has ungraciously draped a Dollar Curtain around the Soviet periphery. (As for the Iron Curtain, *CrossRoads* declares, "It is true that it is not possible, at present, for anybody and everybody to go to the Soviet Union. The Soviet Government is anxious to arrange this at the earliest possible moment, but at present there is not enough accommodation to receive the influx of people that they know will come the moment general touring is reopened.") Dollarland is, moreover, the home of those creatures who have perniciously infected India with some of their own malignity. In a dissertation on movie-making, *CrossRoads* had high praise for Soviet realism. In Russia, it said, a film producer in need of a special type of airplane for a picture simply notifies his government, which promptly orders the appropriate aircraft factory to manufacture it for him. But the movie industry in India, *CrossRoads* observed sadly, has spurned

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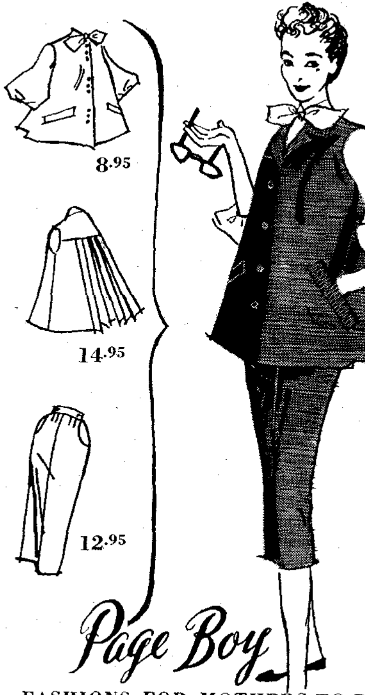
Maternity separates by PAGE BOY. The jerkin top with pleated back is in charcoal grey, navy or black rayon faille. Sizes 10-18. Style 244t. **14.95** Cut-out adjustment skirt is in charcoal grey, navy or black rayon faille. Sizes 10-18. Style 244-3. **12.95** The overblouse, pouf sleeved, is in lime or white pima broadcloth. Sizes 10-18. Style 244b. **8.95**



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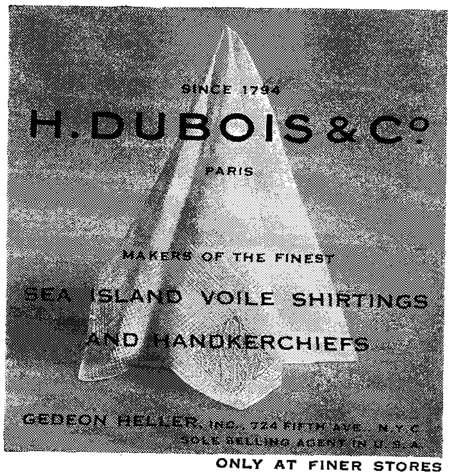
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Soviet realism and has elected instead to ape the devious practices of Hollywood. And what has been the result of that? "In India we have to use a destroyer when we need a cruiser!"

CrossRoads is consistently more severe than *Blitz* in its appraisal of America—or, rather, of one of the two Americas it says exist. There is a fine old America that, as one emotional *CrossRoads* writer put it not long ago, "always reminds me of Paul Robeson and his wonderful songs, it reminds me of Walt Whitman, of Roosevelt, of Tom Paine, of Gene Debs, of Jimmy Riley." (I take it he meant James Whitcomb Riley.) Then, the writer said, there is a new America, one "that talks of war, that threatens to destroy my future, that threatens to set fire to the whole world," and added, "I hate this America and so does my brother and my neighbor." It is with this second America that the editors of both *CrossRoads* and *Blitz* are primarily concerned, though at times they give the impression of not having had any fresh facts from any America since Jimmy Riley's era. (Even the ads in *CrossRoads* seem anachronistic; a recent one referred to ball-point pens as "the latest modern gift of America.") *Blitz*, which feels more strongly than Senator Kefauver about the role of organized crime in American government, is forever linking Truman and Acheson with Dillinger and Capone, who, however grave their offenses may have been, hardly constitute much of a threat to any contemporary Indian. To discredit General MacArthur, *Blitz* notes that he is a son-in-law of a Morgan partner; the General hasn't been, of course, since 1929, when his first wife, the stepdaughter of a Morgan partner, divorced him. *CrossRoads*, too, does not believe in letting any opportunity to tie big business in with the American government go unseized. Therefore,

EVERYONE THOUGHT IT WAS DONE WITH PRINTER'S TYPE!

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ANDARD EQUIPMENT
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The VARI-TYPER has a standard keyboard and is operated by your office typist. It produces finished type-proofs, all ready for paste-up or direct reproduction on a litho plate or mimeo stencil. Both margins are automatically evened.

INSTANTLY CHANGEABLE TYPES

Change to any style and size you like—hundreds to choose from in all the popular designs—and in foreign languages, too.

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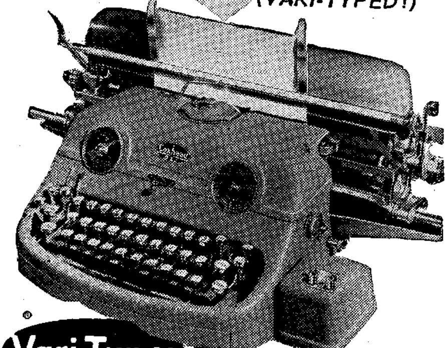

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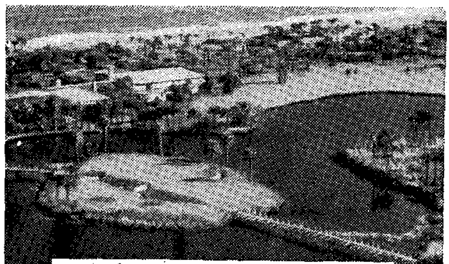

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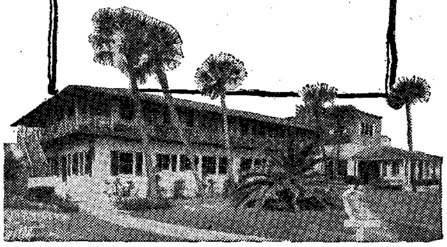

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over a story about the appointment of an Esso Standard Oil vice-president named Marion W. Boyer as general manager of the Atomic Energy Commission, it placed the headline "ROCKEFELLER HEADS U.S. ATOMIC COMMISSION."

The more youthful of the two Americas is depicted by both weeklies as a land dominated by "atomaniacs" (*CrossRoads* is also partial to "Atom-Butchers' Gang"), in which freedom of speech is nearly extinct and "naked, ruthless Fascism," as *CrossRoads* puts it, is imminent. "How do you feel about the situation in Korea?" one American asks another in the caption of a cartoon borrowed by *CrossRoads* from *Lidové Noviny*, in Prague. "Well, I think . . ." says his companion. "That's enough," says the first. "You're under arrest for un-American Activities." *Blitz's* humor is more apt to be homemade, if not necessarily much funnier. One of its regular features is a department entitled "I don't know, Son," which consists of brisk chats between an Indian boy and his father. They talk like this: "Daddy?" "Yes, Son." "MacArthur's wedded to Chiang?" "So *Blitz* say, Son." "For WHAT, Daddy?" "Well, I suppose FOR BETTER AND FOR . . ." "FORMOSA, Daddy?"

There is, of course, extensive criticism of the United States in Indian papers that are not at all sympathetic to the Communist viewpoint, just as there is elsewhere on earth, but the America that one finds on display in the pages of *CrossRoads* and *Blitz* is a nation practically barren of virtues and endowed with unusually formidable vices. It is not only a warmonger, but a peculiarly inhuman one. As a headline appropriate to a news item about an appeal in the United States for blood for the soldiers in Korea, *CrossRoads* hit upon "MORE BLOOD FOR VAMPIRES." In a story about civil-defense drills in United States schools, it commented, "The sadistic monsters revel in the terror of the children of their own America, too." Nothing is regarded as too trivial to serve as a peg for an exposition of the American fascination with bloodletting. A woman correspondent for *Blitz*, for instance, reported from Europe that when she sent a New Year's card to a friend in the United States—a card decorated with the dove of peace that perches on every Communist shoulder these days—she received in return a card, which she implied was a conventional kind in present-day America, decorated with a "vulture" superimposed on a star-spangled background and bearing the legend "On Guard Against Communism." Without having seen the card, I'll bet a squab dinner that the lady's vulture was just our lovable old bald Eagle.

You can learn a lot about customs in the United States from reading *Blitz*, which, not having the space to cover American news fully, contents itself with just picking out the significant highlights. It has reported that a New York shop not long ago offered for sale a velvet-and-diamond brassière priced at fifty thousand dollars, and that the latest fad among New York women is to shampoo their hair with champagne, so as to become "champagne blondes." Such stories, however, are by no means the only accounts of contemporary America that *Blitz* manages to squeeze in. It is generous with space, as is *CrossRoads*, when it comes to reporting on indignities suffered here by Negroes. Paul Robeson, not surprisingly, is both papers' favorite American, of any color. *CrossRoads* admiringly reprinted an article from *Soviet Literature* that quoted from a poem by a Turkish Communist who, sharing his comrades' current infatuation with birds, hailed the singer as "my blackwinged falcon." One of the most resounding improvisations on the theme of discrimination that I have seen in either paper was a piece in *Blitz* by L. Markov and D. M. Milovanov, entitled "What Soviet Russia Thinks About White Man's Terror Raj [Rule] Against the Negro Race." It was probably taken from some Russian publication, though no source was specified. After quoting Robeson to the effect that Negro Americans will never take up arms against the U.S.S.R., the article went on to say that in the year 1947 alone five hundred and thirty Negroes were lynched in the United States—a figure that was attributed to Senator Wayne Morse. I don't doubt that through the good offices of some Cominform propaganda bureau this piece was made available to other Left Wing papers, and that some of their readers, having heard that Senator Morse is a liberal Republican and perhaps even knowing that he is a member of the board of directors of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, may have been mighty impressed by anything he had to say on this subject. The apparent evolution of Markov's and Milovanov's damaging statistic, as since furnished to me by Senator Morse, is rather illuminating, for it constitutes a nice example of the technique of distortion. In

January, 1948, testifying in favor of an anti-lynching bill before a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, Senator Morse read into the record some figures taken from the 1947 edition of the *Negro Year Book*, according to which there had been five hundred and thirty-three lynchings in the United States, of both Negroes and whites, during a twenty-two-year period beginning in 1919 and running through 1940. That is as close as the Senator has ever come to saying what Markov and Milovanov said he said.

THINGS are quite different in the Soviet Union, or in what is called in *CrossRoads* "the land where life grows better" and in *Blitz* "the land of peaceful and heroic labour." Typical of the headlines about life in Russia that turn up regularly in *CrossRoads* are "AUTOMATIC BRAIN RUNS SOVIET FACTORY," "GROW RICE WITHOUT WATER—THE SOVIET WAY," and "MAJESTIC TRIUMPH OF MAN." This last encomium referred to the Volga-Don shipping canal, of which the paper said, "This is Socialism in all its majesty—the triumph of man over nature, wresting all that is good from mother earth for the benefit of the people." According to *CrossRoads*, the Soviet Union is a staggeringly healthy place to live in. It contains thirty thousand people who are at least a hundred years old, the patriarch among them being a hundred and forty-five; it is a country completely delivered from prostitution, sexual promiscuity, and venereal disease; and its medical care is so ample that one seven-hundred-bed children's hospital has a full-time staff of four hundred doctors and six hundred nurses. In the same story that gave these figures, it was commendingly noted that in Russia the state arbitrarily selects adult occupations for boys and girls before they reach the age of nine. This may possibly not jar an Indian reader, but it made my Western eyes blink, and I suspect that the Comintern's propaganda experts may have slipped up there.

The contrast the two papers make between the United States and the Soviet Union is no more striking than the contrast they make between the two nations' respective heads. A remark by Stalin to *Pravda* that he was in favor of peace was enough to inspire *CrossRoads* to say, "A beam of light and hope has slashed through the darkness created by the warmongering threats and statements of the atomaniacs." Truman, the leading atomaniac, has been portrayed

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No other area has our warm, clear invigorating air . . . magnificent scenery . . . 16 national monuments. Visit Old Mexico. Enjoy 9 fine golf courses. Accommodations for every purse.

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by this same paper in a strip cartoon, in the course of which his grinning face evolves into an airplane dropping a bomb, presumably an atomic bomb. *CrossRoads* fancies this kind of art. To illustrate a poem entitled "Sammy Across the Seas"—"Who knows not Sammy and his ways/His goaty beard and loud bold brays . . ."—it produced an Uncle Sam with daggers for chin whiskers, bayonets for a chin, a plane for a nose, a bomb for an eye, a rifle for hair, guns for teeth, and a dollar for a collar. Another time, *CrossRoads* ran a letter telling of a mock trial held at a college in Madras, where two students impersonating Truman and Stalin pleaded their antithetical causes before a court. The letter said that the spokesman for Stalin had been ringingly cheered, but that the chap taking Truman's part had fared poorly. "His speech was a damp squib, nobody being convinced by the arguments," it commented patronizingly. There was no evidence that Mr. Truman had been afforded a chance to pass on either the text of the address or the rhetorical delivery of his stand-in.

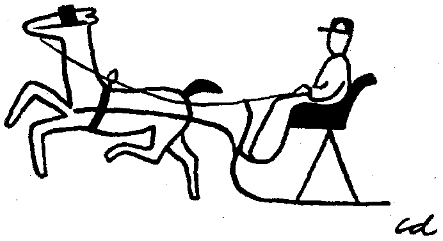
Last April, after President Truman relieved General MacArthur, who up to then had been known in *Blitz* as "MadArthur," the "Dollar Mikado," or "Supremo," the paper momentarily amended its view of Mr. Truman in a front-page editorial entitled "Trumanly!" "Trumanly speaking," it began, "it is difficult to find words to express our admiration for the courageous little man who presides over the destinies of the United States at this desperate moment of history." *Blitz* called Truman a man of peace and said that it was sorry it had criticized him—as it had, sharply—for not expediting shipments of American wheat to India. "It is transparently clear to us now," the editorial continued, "that while the Truman government did their damnedest to make a gift to us of American grain, it was the War Party [i.e., supporters of General MacArthur] that vitiated and murdered the gesture." This change in editorial policy did not percolate all the way through to page 5 of the same issue, however, for there Senator Theodore Green of Rhode Island, a Democrat who was then touring India and who has been one of the President's staunchest supporters in Congress, was denounced as a Wall Street agent. Nowadays, Mr. Truman has once more become notably *persona non grata* everywhere in *Blitz*, which in recent months has been equating his name not, as it did before, with "true manliness" but with cheapness, crudeness, and vulgarity.

NEEDLESS to say, both *Blitz* and *CrossRoads* have no use for the role of the United States, and of the United Nations, in the Korean War, and of the participation in it, on the U.N. side, of a small Indian medical unit. *CrossRoads* thinks the Indians should not "suture the wounds of the white hordes so that they raid the Korean people again" but, rather, should help "people suffering atrocities at the hands of a ruthless, naked Fascism there." According to *CrossRoads*, the Americans in Korea have been using poison gas, have been burning women alive, and have put their prisoners of war into a death camp where hunger has driven them to eat grass, bark, and leaves. The authority it cites for this last charge is *Pravda*. "Many American doctors and scientists have come to the camp on the pretext of rendering medical aid," *CrossRoads* further parrots *Pravda*, "but as eyewitnesses testify, they secretly experiment on living persons with the latest vaccines and chemical preparations, prepared for the murder of people." Those prisoners who weren't murdered were, it seems, tortured by "perfected, purely American methods"—among them the use of electric lights to cause blindness, the tearing out of fingernails, and scalding with boiling water.

Blitz, in similar vein, uses the expression "murder orgy" to describe American actions in Korea. On one occasion, presumably with the aim of exploiting racial feeling, it ran the headline, "YANKS FOUGHT TO THE LAST TURK, NEGRO, AND PUERTO RICAN IN KOREA!" Later, it returned to this subject, with "Turkey is pointing an accusing finger at its American taskmasters for the alleged 'murder' of the whole Turkish Brigade in Korea." The editors may have felt that their use of that "alleged" and those quotation marks relieved them of any obligation to be factual; I saw the Turkish Brigade in Korea not long after that, and while it had suffered casualties in about the same proportion as the Americans, it was astoundingly perky for an outfit that *Blitz* had wiped out.

As interesting a bit of war reporting as I have ever seen appeared in *Blitz* a few months ago. This was a dispatch from Korea by a "special correspondent" of the New China News Agency, which occupies a niche in China today comparable to that of Tass in Russia. The N.C.N.A. man had been pawing through "hundreds" of letters found on the bodies of American soldiers killed in action. In an introductory note to his story, *Blitz* said, "On this page we reproduce something which we would have rather liked not to do. It is a tale of human degradation. It mirrors the mind of the men who are supposed to be fighting the battle of democracy in Korea. These letters . . . are a proof of the fact that Yankee Fascism has corrupted its cannon-fodder to an extent that it will shame even the Hitlerite achievement." The N.C.N.A. man reported, "It is very remarkable that most of these letters are almost entirely devoid of content. Whether this is due to fear of any political references being read by American secret police, or whether it derives from other causes, I cannot say, but it presents a horrible picture of the profound mental obscurity that is cultivated by the 'American way of life.' " He and *Blitz* were bothered by the fact that G.I.s' families did not send them political tracts. Among the excerpts from the mail from home that the resourceful correspondent quoted as proof of mental obscurity were "I think the best way is to polish the car with a cleaner and then go over it again with Simoniz or Johnson's carplate. What do you think?" and "If you're not going to be home for Christmas, I will try to send you something in a bottle." Incidentally, the N.C.N.A. man, perhaps considering it irrelevant, did not bother to mention that Chinese soldiers in Korea, as I was informed when I was over there, are not allowed to receive any mail from home at all.

Not long after the fighting began in Korea, *CrossRoads* published an open letter from Krishen Chander, a "famous Urdu writer," to the first American infantryman killed in action, Private Kenneth Shadrick. "Who brought you here?" Chander asked, conveniently putting himself in Korea to ask the question. "Who gave you the orders to leave your sisters and brothers, your mother and sweetheart in West Virginia for a mad adventure abroad? . . . You and I—a dead man and a living man—must find an answer to this question. . . . The mounting upsurge of the national liberation movements in Asia is slowly



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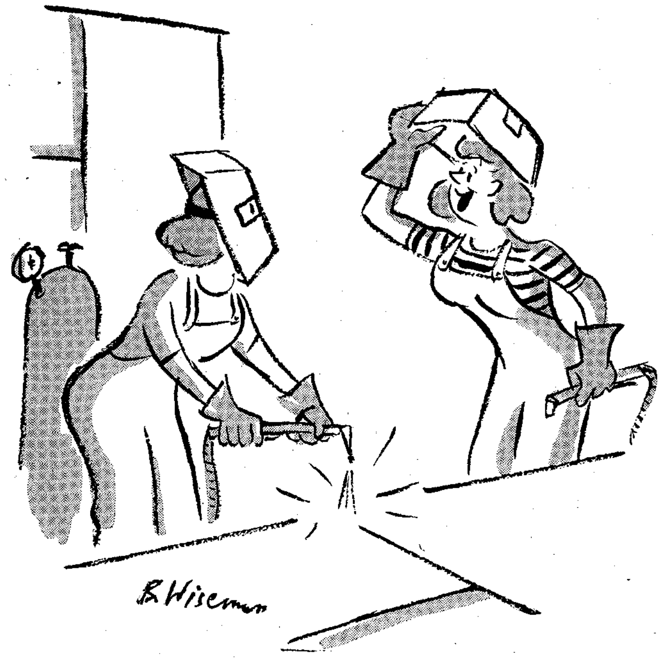

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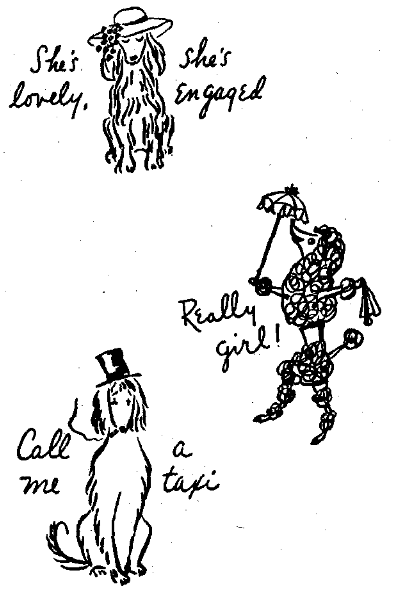
but surely . . . compelling imperialists to come out into the open again. That is why it has come out with the gun in Korea. That is why you are dead today, Private Shadrick." In due course, Chander's letter was answered, in a Soviet youth journal called *Smena*, by Nikolai Shpanov, whose contribution to the morbid symposium, entitled "Private Shadrick Would Have Liked to Reply," was reprinted by *CrossRoads*. Shpanov absent-mindedly overlooked the fact that he was supposed to be speaking for Shadrick, however, and, after an offhand swipe at "depraved American G.I.s with their senses dulled by gin," began speaking *of* him. "Shadrick was twenty. He spent these 20 years in a land where a band of dishonest gangsters had poisoned his consciousness with terrible misanthropic propaganda. . . . They tried to make a brute out of him—and they did succeed a little, for he did not ask the main question that he ought to have asked: 'WHY DID YOU SEND ME TO KOREA, WHY THE HELL DO YOU WANT TO MAKE A MURDERER OUT OF ME?' " Possibly by mere coincidence, the same sort of ghoulish probing into Shadrick's thoughts was indulged in, at about the same time, by the *Daily Worker* here.

CrossRoads and *Blitz* have little to say about the Chinese killing anybody in Korea (except, of course, to the extent that they took part in the annihilation of the Turkish Brigade), but both dwell at great length and in laudatory fashion on life in China, and suggest that India might well model itself on this nearby paragon. A while ago, *CrossRoads* ran this headline: "WHILE SCHOOLS CLOSE, FEES INCREASE, TEACHERS STARVE IN INDIA, CHINA IS QUENCHING THIRST FOR LEARNING." Another read: "WHERE IMPERIALISM IS NO MORE—GLIMPSES OF NEW CHINA." The glimpses furnished under this promising banner were exceedingly opaque. One of three eyewitnesses quoted, a co-chairman of the Young Progressives of America, who was identified as a "Negro American," confined himself to the observation that nearly everyone he saw while on a trip there spoke of peace. If he or either of the other two had any much more revealing glimpses, they didn't pass them along. The two Indian weeklies speak of peace incessantly. *CrossRoads* calls the Russian Army "the mighty sentinel of peace." Both papers are great on doves: They teem with pictures of doves, essays about doves, short stories about doves, and poems about



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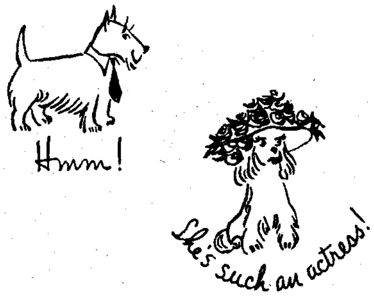
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doves. A not atypical excerpt from one of the poems goes:

> My Dove, after her bath of freedom
> In Volga's streaming waters,
> Carrying the pitcher of Peace
> Betwixt rosy lips,
> Sprinkles the twentieth century . . .

The editors of *CrossRoads* and *Blitz* devote a good deal of their time to serving on peace committees and attending peace conferences, congresses, rallies, and the like. *CrossRoads*' editor, who was a member of an Indian delegation that travelled to a peace meeting in Warsaw by way of London and Prague, reported subsequently, "We were all very tired, but then weariness leaves you when you enter the exhilarating atmosphere of a People's Democracy." Even the air the Russians have breathed, it seems, is tonic.

CROSSROADS and *Blitz* don't like the Americans who have lately been in India any better than those elsewhere. *Blitz*, in one of its more irascible moods, started off a long anti-American dissertation with "Spearheaded by the United States Information Service, known by the cryptic anagram of USIS [I don't know what's so cryptic about this simple abbreviation, unless some esoteric regional joke is involved], a 'Sixth Column,' infinitely more diabolical in ingenuity than the infamous breed sired by Franco, has been operating in India for some time now, with its destructive cells planted in practically every sphere of our lives." One diabolical practice mentioned was that the U.S.I.S. encouraged Indian kleptomaniacs to steal American propaganda from its library shelves to take home and indoctrinate themselves with. "Exploiting the weakness of an average Indian for wine, women, and a damned good show—*any* show," *Blitz* continued, "are the plethora of American social functions, the musical soirees, the film group discussions, the gramophone record afternoons, and a whole gamut of tricks, *the infectious reactions of which are so keyed up that no Indian attending these whoopees returns home without feeling that the Americans are their blood-brothers and Washington is their spiritual home.*" (Not my italics, it may or may not clarify matters to point out, but *Blitz's*. *Blitz's* grammar, too.) Among the gamut of tricks, it developed, were exhibition baseball games. "Fantastic things are known to be happening at the functions which are held after the baseball matches," *Blitz* went on. "Generally known as 'Pyjama Parties,' the specially invited Indian

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guests meet important Americans in the hosts' bedrooms. Here the Indian guests meet their American friends, in all manner of fancy dresses and gaze wild eyed in awestruck wonder at the American women dressed in sarees or Punjabi piyapiya costumes or new (read nude) look dresses; wine flows freely and tongues of even the most blase are loosened . . ." All this led *Blitz* to conclude, many hundreds of angry words later, that the Americans were out-Hitlering Hitler; the writer of the piece had lost track somewhere of the fact that he had started off with Franco.

CrossRoads, too, is alert to detect Yankee plots against India. In one story, which was headed "GIGANTIC AMERICAN SPY-NET IN INDIA" and which ended, "*Let the Indian people be warned!,*" it cited as grounds for its fears the preparation of various Intelligence reports on India by United States governmental agencies, and it even listed the titles of some that it apparently deemed especially sinister: "Survey of Western India," "The Communist Party of India," "Curbs on United States Trade by the Government of India," and "Social Conditions, Attitudes, and Propaganda in India, with Suggestions for American Orientation Toward the Indians"—this last one a document written nine years earlier. *CrossRoads* was also disturbed by an advertisement in the *United Nations World* suggesting that Americans wishing to study Tibetan write to an address in West Bengal and obtain a set of Tibetan-language phonograph records that the Indian government had got up. "Hmm!" remarked a *CrossRoads* columnist. "One can guess what the Yanks want to learn Tibetan for, just at this of all moments in world history. [It was the moment the Chinese were liberating that country from itself.] *Spies and imperialist agents are always linguists*—with emphasis on the areas their masters wish to concentrate on! . . . Why should the Indian Government prepare gramophone records for the study of TIBETAN by the American 'linguists'? I am pretty sure the Indian government is not running a school in languages. Then why Tibetan? Why Tibetan TODAY? And above all, why Tibetan TODAY for the Yanks?" That columnist had been reading the American press diligently. He had learned from the New York *Daily Compass,* he advised his readers, that rats in a Cornell laboratory, "fed two and a half teaspoons of cola every day, had no teeth left at the end of a month." To *CrossRoads,* a significant

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sign of Fascist influence in Thailand is the presence of Coca-Cola signs there. When it ran out of other epithets for General MacArthur, it called him a "Coca-Cola soldier," and its occasional term for any Indian official friendly to the United States (the standard term in both papers is "Washington Patriot," or "WP") is "Coca-Collaborator." A *CrossRoads* reporter attended the opening of a Coca-Cola bottling plant in Bombay and wrote that after taking one swallow of the stuff he lost a filling out of a tooth. Even the Cornell rats couldn't top that.

CrossRoads has rarely got more worked up than it did a year ago; what nettled it then was a Christmas card—holiday greetings appear to be a touchy subject with both papers—sent out by the military attaché at the American Embassy in New Delhi, a colonel, on behalf of himself and his staff. *CrossRoads* reproduced the card, which was illustrated with what appears to be an ancient map labelled "Eastasia"—the kind of map that a souvenir-hunter might easily pick up in a shop abroad and decide to reproduce for his season's greetings. "This X-Mas card is an affront to Asia," *CrossRoads* spluttered. "The pretty picture which the Yanks offer as a sort of Christmas gift is a MAP OF CHINA AND KOREA! The conquerors massacre Asian women and children, invade our soil, and then shamelessly offer US a picture of the spoils they dream of . . ." A handful of *CrossRoads'* readers, clearly an inflammable lot, rose to this bait in a manner that must have made its editors proud, and a number of their letters were presented under the heading "SACK THIS YANKEE COLONEL." One reader referred to the incident as a "shameful story" and said that it "comes to me like a spear piercing through our National Independence and Honour." Another, referring to the Colonel's "impudence," quoted from a letter he had written the American: "Here's wishing you . . . all the lousiest luck in the world." If there were any readers who took a more temperate view of the situation, *CrossRoads* didn't publicize their viewpoint.

BLITZ has gone much further than *CrossRoads* in admitting that its opinions are not universally shared in India. Last spring, it ran a long communication from a lady in Bombay, an editor herself. "There is not a single issue of your paper, Sir," she said, "which does not present the U.S.A. as an evil country. . . . To deliberately create a wrong impression and to fan

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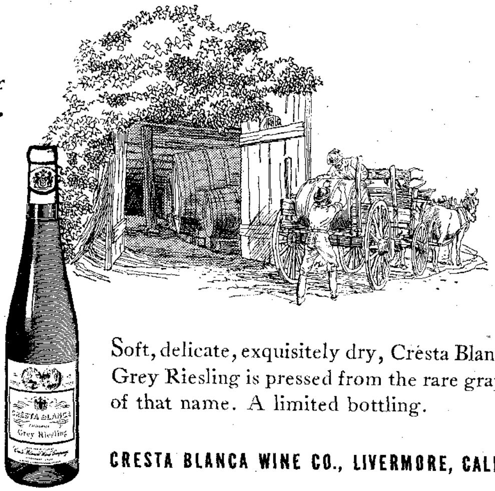

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hatred of a country through misrepresentation is surely unpardonable." She mentioned *Blitz's* emphasizing of such trivia as the revelations of Father Divine's bride and the sale of human heads in the land of Uncle Sham, and its piece on the ball games and pajama parties. "Every honest Indian who has known the U.S.A. knows that *Blitz's* America is not the true America," she continued. "The U.S.A. is by no means Utopia. Americans are not perfect supermen; there are plenty of shortcomings in the U.S.A. . . . Today the world has enough of hate campaigns. . . . I do not suggest that *Blitz* should glorify the U.S.A. There is no need to glorify any nation, but to present it truthfully." A reply seemed to be in order, and *Blitz's* editor composed one. He explained that he was opposed not to the American people but only to the two hundred families who rule them. (He did not name any of the two hundred.) He said that *Blitz's* story about the ball games and pajama parties had been intended "in a lighter vein." And, finally, he said, "These are times of storm, tumult, and crisis. Feelings are running high. Sometimes we too may succumb to the tensions of the times." Let no one say that *Blitz* never resorts to understatement.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

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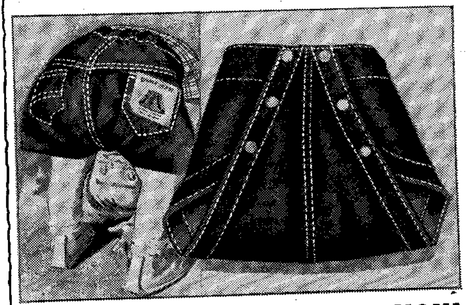

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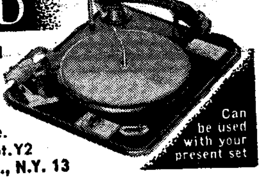

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Affair of the Wooden Soldiers

THE Metropolitan Opera's spanking new revival of "Così Fan Tutte" may well be the best possible representation of Mozart's infrequently performed, toylike opera, but I'm sorry to report that I found it a wearying entertainment. It is certainly handsome; the pictorial settings, filled with wonderfully dressed characters, are as alluring and harmonious as a row of windows in one of the more fashionable Fifth Avenue stores. And the new English version, by Ruth and Thomas P. Martin, of Lorenzo Da Ponte's libretto is, except for a few desperate colloquialisms, a model of fluency. I am not so sure about Alfred Lunt's finicky direction, but before I go into that, I'd like to point out some of the natural disadvantages of the opera and, by doing so, explain my resistance to the charms of the present production.

To begin with, although there are opera plots, even in the standard repertoire, that are much more outlandish than this one, there are few as static. The action is congealed by its maddening uniformity, and the characters are paired off with an excruciating regard for balance. Furthermore, this relentless symmetry is exasperatingly reinforced by the music, which, while often disarming, is as rigidly methodical as the book. Mozart, who a few years earlier had exercised his operatic genius to its fullest in providing scores for two far worthier Da Ponte librettos—"The Marriage of Figaro" and "Don Giovanni"—was in a rather trifling mood this time. Working with cutouts instead of well-rounded characters, he didn't exert himself to distinguish between them or between their sentiments. For example, both sincere thoughts and hypocritical observations are usually expressed in much the same musical vein. This tends to flatten the conceits of the story and to weaken what slight dramatic hold it has. Still, Mozart was too genuine a composer to be hopelessly dull, and several of the vocal numbers are, by themselves, enlivening. This may be the reason "Così Fan Tutte" can be considerably more engaging in concert performances, in which the plot is of minor importance. The new presentation also suffers from the fact that the proportions of the opera are too small for a vast auditorium like the Metropolitan. The designer Rolf Gerard has at least made a suitable stage picture by framing the action within three delicate white arches, which are arrayed one behind the other and are a good deal smaller than the Met's proscenium, and by using a modest-sized platform, two steps up from the level of the stage, for the main playing area. Against the blue background of the Bay of Naples and a fair sky, the characters move, in strikingly lovely eighteenth-century costumes, through airy suggestions of rooms and a garden. The scenes are exquisite, and it's almost a pity that they have to be set in motion.

Lunt, a distinguished gallant of the speaking stage (he was recently quoted as saying that he had been unfamiliar with "Così Fan Tutte" until he was asked to direct it), has responded enthusiastically to the most obvious feature of the opera—its exaggerated sense of order—by creating a stylized performance, in which the cast follows patterns as severe and regular as those imposed on the box hedges in one of the garden scenes. Formal groupings, precious attitudes, and mincing gestures characterize the stage deportment. Lunt has taken pains to underline not only the precision of the action but also the precision of the music. In the first scene, he has the tenor lower himself into a chair in three or four separate movements, each bringing him closer to the seat and each punctuating a musical chord. This thoroughgoing stylization may or may not be the most helpful approach to "Così Fan Tutte," but it has, unfortunately, gone awry here. Singers, by and large, are not actors, and these singers lack, in varying degrees, the actor's grace that makes such physical behavior smooth and pleasing. The result is that many of the gestures, uncertainly performed, are ambiguous and annoying. If this were a spoken play, and Lunt and some other capable actors were appearing in it (he does come on, in costume, after the overture, to go very elegantly through the make-believe motions of lighting the footlights with a long taper), the staging might be captivating, but as it is, it strikes me as mechanical and overelaborate.

Elementary though the story is, it is absurdly difficult to retain. Like a word, the longer you look at it, the less meaning it has. Two young soldiers, in love with two sisters, quarrel with a meddle-

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some, cynical friend, a much older man than they, who insists that all women are fickle. A bet is made on the constancy of the sisters, its terms requiring that the soldiers conduct themselves for twenty-four hours exactly as the cynic, Don Alfonso, directs. Next, we see Don Alfonso breaking the news to the sisters that their boy friends have been called to active duty; a few minutes later, the soldiers arrive to make their false farewells. They go off, supposedly to a waiting ship, but return shortly in ludicrous disguise, passing themselves off as Albanians and wooing the girls in an extravagant manner. Don Alfonso and the sisters' maid, whom he has bribed, encourage the young ladies to take up with the strangers, and the girls give in during the second half of the opera, each unknowingly pairing off with the other's lover. They are participating innocently in a fake marriage ceremony when martial music is heard and Don Alfonso reports that the soldiers are returning. Costumes are switched a couple of times more, from Albanian to military and part way back to Albanian again, before peace and propriety are restored and a happy ending takes place.

Patrice Munsel, in the role of Despina, the maid, gives by far the most refreshing performance. Playing the impudent servant, and disguised, at times, as a doctor and as a notary, she shows a nice flair for nonsense, and she sings with all her familiar charm. The sisters are a fetching pair as played by Eleanor Steber and Blanche Thebom, both expert and assured singers. Richard Tucker, a tenor who can bring thrilling fervor to a part that calls for it, hasn't such a part here, and seems to find it hard to achieve the insipidity frequently required of him as Ferrando, one of the soldiers. The other is played by Frank Guarrera, a pleasing baritone, who is more successful in this respect. John Brownlee is happily cast in the somewhat dandyish role of Don Alfonso. There is a chorus that marches on near the beginning and again toward the end, and it goes about its business with commendable punctiliousness. Fritz Stiedry's conducting impressed me as being accomplished, if in no way extraordinary. I might also mention that whenever the music permits, the words are sung with admirable distinctness by all the performers. —DOUGLAS WATT

●

The secret of successful advertising is the same as the secret of Shakespeare. —*Young & Rubicam adv. in Fortune.*

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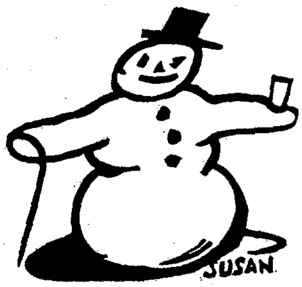
MY DINNER WITH KING FAROUK

THE tense news from Cairo that confronts us British these days as we read the morning paper has made me think back to the night I dined with the King of Egypt. It was fifteen years ago and he was a very young man then—sixteen, I think. I wasn't so venerable myself. As a matter of fact, I was Junior Research Fellow at Balliol College, and the dinner I shared with King Farouk was also enjoyed by the Master of Balliol and by the other Fellows of the College. But *they* knew who the plump young guest was, whereas nobody had bothered to inform *me*. I thought, indeed, that he was a country cousin of one of the Fellows, and treated him with patronizing and somewhat perfunctory courtesy.

It was in the summertime, and most of the students had left for the long vacation. The Master and most of the Fellows were still in residence, finishing off odd jobs, but we were no longer dining at high table in full ceremony, as we did during term. We dined during vacations in the Senior Common Room and were not as punctilious about our dress as we were at the more formal meals we ate in the public gaze when the University was in session. On this particular occasion, I remember, I arrived in the Common Room wearing a pair of rather dirty flannel slacks and a battered tweed jacket. I was a bit early and nobody else was there yet, so I sat down in an armchair in the corner and took up the *Times*. After a few minutes the Master entered, wearing a dark suit and looking in general more spick-and-span than he usually did at this time of the year. He had with him a dark and fully fleshed young man, whom I had not met before. He brought the young man over to where I was sitting and, without mentioning his name, waved his hand at me and said simply, "This is Mr. Daiches." I nodded over the top of my *Times* and went on reading.



By this time the room was filling up, and I noticed, to my surprise, that all the other Fellows, who normally didn't bother to change for dinner during the long vacation, were as neat and clean as the Master. It didn't occur to me at this stage to connect their elegance with the young man whose name I had not been told. (I attributed this omission to one of those awkwardnesses of the Master, which we were all used to and had a certain affection for.) I did feel a little disturbed, though, when I realized, after we were seated at the dinner table, that I was the only person present in undress, as it were. I concluded that some affair was on, later in the evening, and that, whatever it was, I had not been invited. This was not very surprising, because I was the youngest and most recently elected Fellow of the College, and I was still being left out of things through the forgetfulness of my elders.

But the atmosphere at dinner was odd. I noticed during the soup that opposite me a middle-aged, gray-haired man with a leathery face was spooning up his food in well-bred but somewhat tense silence. Nobody seemed to have introduced him to anybody, and I hadn't the vaguest idea who he was. Then I saw that the young man whose name I had not been told was sitting at the top of the table, at the Master's right, and that several people were addressing him simultaneously, with deferentially twisted necks.

"Who on earth is the young man sitting up there?" I asked the colleague on my right, a chemistry don with a waggish turn of mind.

"The King of Egypt," he said as he gave the nod to the butler, who was passing him the asparagus. (The butler's name was Tubb, and he was a good butler and a good man; I learned a lot from him about the formalities of Oxford college life during the first months of my Fellowship, but he had no opportunity to come to my rescue that night.) I smiled briefly at what I considered a feeble jest, and turned my attention to my plate.

I was sitting too far away to be able to hear the conversation between the Master and his guest, and so could not pick up any clues that way. While I was meditating further on the puzzling deference shown to the young man by those sitting near, I was startled to hear him raise his voice and announce publicly to the whole room in an accent that sounded French to me, "You see zis man?" I looked up and saw him pointing at the gray-haired, leathery-faced man. "He is my secretaire. His hair is gray. Last year it vas black. Next year it vill be vite. Vorking for *me!*" And

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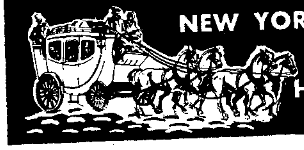

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he poked himself in the chest. The secretary gave a wan smile and went on eating stolidly.

This time I turned to the don sitting on my left. "Who on earth *is* that character?" I asked.

"What, weren't you told about him this afternoon?" he replied. "That's Farouk, King of Egypt. He's being shown over Oxford, and the Master has him in tow." The Master of Balliol was at that time also Vice-Chancellor of the University and thus the appropriate person to look after visiting kings.

I realized then that the young man really *was* the King of Egypt, and I began to feel uncomfortable when I remembered the curt nod I had given him, from a sitting position, over the *Times*. And I became more and more conscious of my dirty flannels and my frayed tweed jacket. I noticed, too, that the King looked at me occasionally with an expression that seemed to hover between curiosity and surprise. I avoided his eye. The conversation died away after the King's remark about his secretary, and for the remainder of the meal it was clear that the Master was casting about rather desperately for things to talk of.

I DIDN'T join my colleagues for coffee after dinner, for I was, by then, feeling miserably self-conscious about my shabbiness. I slunk back to my room as soon as the meal was over, and took my Bible from the bookcase. The opening chapters of Exodus gave me considerable comfort: I read how Moses, an ancestor of mine—if family tradition is to be trusted—had spoken somewhat severely to a former King of Egypt. My perfunctory greeting over the top of the *Times*, while I could hardly claim that it was divinely inspired, had clearly arisen, albeit subconsciously, from some ancestral memory.

When one of my colleagues told me the next morning that the King had asked about "the young nobleman who enjoys the hereditary privilege of not having to stand in the presence of kings," I strongly suspected that he was kidding. I was cheered, nevertheless, and for a brief moment thought of myself as King David, rather than as Moses. —DAVID DAICHES

•

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(In Beach Scenes)	Albatrosses—Storks
(In Gardens and Trees)	Terns
(Young Birds in Nests: Mother Feeding them)	Wild Ducks—Flamingoes Wild Geese—(In Swamp scenes)
(House, Garden and Farm Scenes)	Pigeons Parrots, (Both large and small) Canary birds—in cages Humming birds—sipping flowers Black birds—on lawns Eagles—Hawks—mostly outside Ducks—ponds, lakes and farmyards Chickens—Bantams, Roosters, etc. Quail—mostly in the open Ostriches—Peacocks Cranes—Swans—mostly in lake scenes
	Cats
(Exterior & Interior)	Maltese—and other fancy-bred Cats Angoras, etc., for house and parlor sets Ordinary Toms and Scrubs—(To sing on fences at night) Mama Cats, with Kittens
(On Lawns, Porches, in Parlors, or Sitting-rooms)	Kittens—(To act cute with balls of yarn, etc.)
	Flowers
(In fitting spots)	Roses—Buttercups
(I am also very strongly in favor of shooting SILHOUETTES, whenever a logical opportunity offers, in desert scenes and Oriental scenes. A Silhouette scene, logically placed, can't help but be beautiful, and it always enhances the commercial value of a picture.)	Baby-roses—Daisies Lilies—Violets Buds—Magnolias, Peonies Morning-Glory Vines and other creepers Honey-suckles and Ivy—(Around doorways) Grape-vines with bunches hanging on Bouquets—(For young girls) Wreaths—(To decorate walls) Flowers in Vases
	Insects
(Exteriors and Interiors)	Butterflies are the prettiest Flies—(They're interesting) Spiders—Crickets— Pretty Bugs (Sometimes)
	Animals
Horses:	Normans—Shetlands—Mules— Donkeys—Ponies, (Babies) Race-horses—Mustangs
	Cows—Calves—Goats— Sheep—Lambs
Dogs:	Newfoundlands (Around the home) Danes (Around yards and out walking) Poodles (Parlor and Garden scenes) Bull-dogs (Big ugly ones and small ones) Chows (Around the house or led by ladies) Fox-terriers (Toy-terriers in Parlor scenes) Blood-hounds (Trailing criminals) Dachshunds (Novelties for Comedy scenes) Common Curs (Scenes in Alleys and poor streets) Bitches with litters.

Remarks:

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My reason for saying, *only when extremely necessary*, is because snakes are very disgusting to women, and many men dislike them also.

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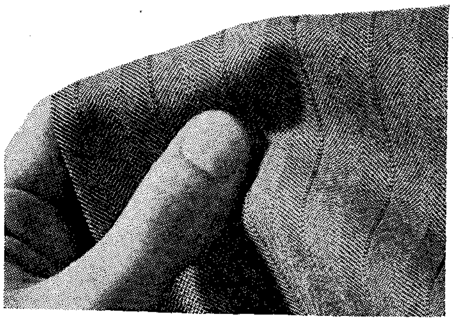
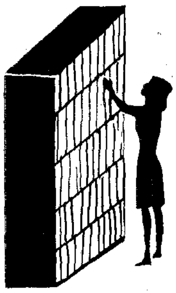


BOOKS

“Parsifal” in Modern Dress



“The Castle of Argol” (New Directions) is a Gothic philosophical romance by an avant-garde French writer, M. Julien Gracq, who recently, on the strength of another novel, had the Prix Goncourt thrust upon him very much against his will. A rebel priding himself on his unorthodoxy, he was horrified to find that he had won the approval of a genteel, middle-brow prize committee. He is a difficult writer to place. His publishers tell us that he has frequently been compared with Proust and that his perceptions and style will delight the admirers of Henry James. To these recommendations they add the claim that “The Castle of Argol” was put in the hands of one of the few translators of the day who could do justice to so “high” a style. The hero is described on page 3 in terms that, while they have an undeniable charm of their very own, do not rouse any Proustian or Jamesian echoes, and will, it is to be feared, raise some suspicions about the translation:

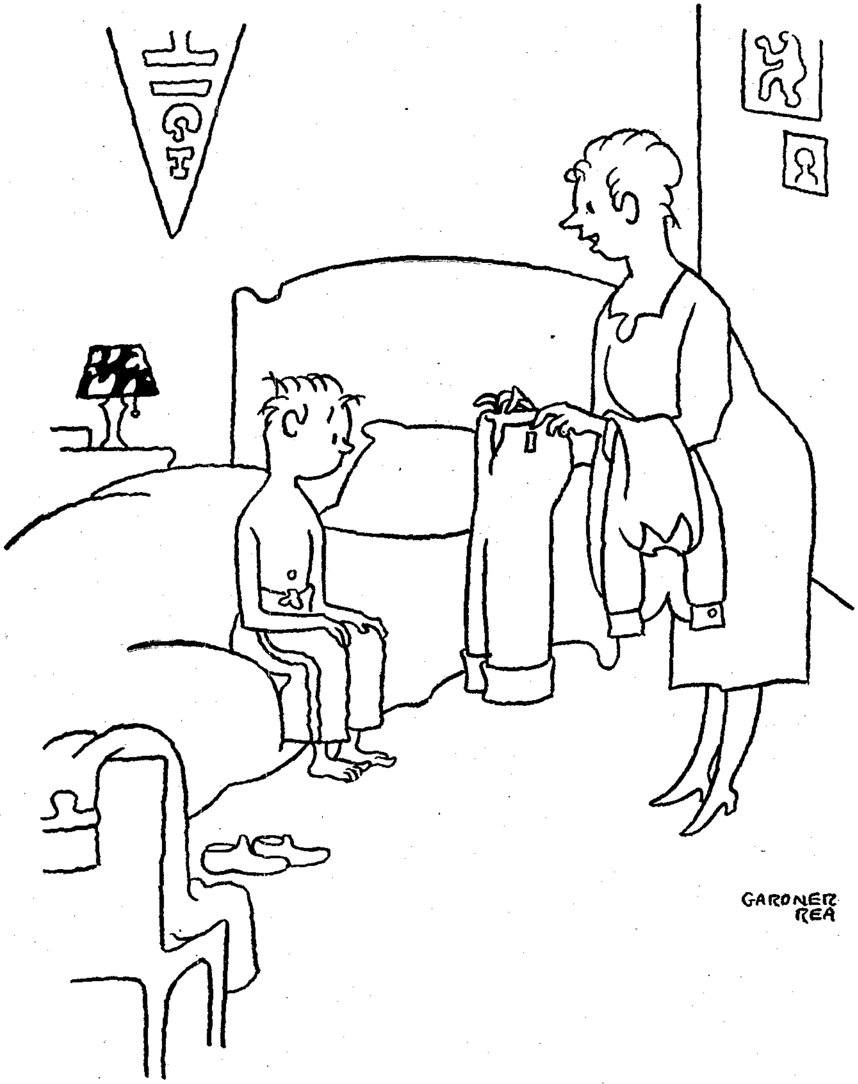
> In these last few years the beauty of his countenance, with its ever-increasing pallor, had assumed an almost fatal character. The firm lines of the forehead, formed of two prominent lobes, were lost in the gossamer blond hair, of so tenuous a texture that the wind playing through it would untwine and stretch out each dry, divided curl.... The delicate straight nose was made of a velvety mat substance with mobile and extremely contractile nostrils. In his eyes nature had set an insidious snare: their axes not having been made rigorously parallel, they fascinated by their air of looking *behind* the person at whom he was looking.... A peculiar propensity to swelling was noticeable in his full lips. The set of his neck was graceful, and the broad deep chest seemed made to *sink* emotions *to the bottom*. The long thin fingers of the ardent and unquiet hands appeared endowed each with a separate life.... The mysteries and magic of too rich a blood invested his arteries: a woman would have longed to fall helpless into those arms as into a sanctuary, a prison.

This remarkable being, who is named Albert, has bought a castle in Brittany, sight unseen, and has invited his best friend, Herminien, to join him there. Herminien has sent him a message announcing that he is coming and is bringing a friend, Heide, with him. Albert knows nothing about Heide except the rumor that wherever she goes, violent, revolutionary outbreaks occur. While waiting for this disturbing guest, he visits the local graveyard, finding it among the dunes by the seashore and almost overwhelmed by wind-blown sand. “It seemed to flow from His inexhaustible palm, from the horrible palm of the sandman Time!” The pleasing fancy of engraving Heide’s name on one of the headstones takes him, and he then returns home. When Heide arrives, she turns out to be as beautiful as she is passionate, and she falls for Albert at once. After the first dinner together, Herminien is left glooming over the coffee cups while Albert and Heide step out onto the porch to look at the moon:

> Then Heide with a shudder of her whole being... laid on Albert’s hand her hand, as cold as marble and as hot as fire; with the slowness of torture, with force and frenzy, she twined each one of her fingers in his, and drawing his face to hers, she forced him to take her lips in a prolonged kiss that shook her entire body as though lightning had passed through it.

The party settles down to a simple routine; Heide and Albert make love in the woods every day while Herminien sulks indoors, and the evenings are spent in strained but elevated philosophical discussions of the ideas of Hegel. It all leads, as one might expect, to trouble. Herminien rapes Heide and tosses her naked body into a brook. She kills herself, and after the two men have buried her in the grave her host had prophetically marked for her, he—as far as one can make out—knifes Herminien in the back.

The introduction to this concoction is capriciously printed at the end of the story. In it, the author explains that he is clearing up Nietzsche’s misunderstandings of the ideas behind Wagner’s “Parsifal.” Wagner did not, M. Gracq would have it, accept the Christian mystery of the Redemption. He was,



“But, darling, lots of boys wear their sisters’ outgrown clothes.”

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1930: The Lunts in "Elizabeth the Queen."

1933: Bob Hope in "Roberta."

1934: Imogene Coca in "New Faces."

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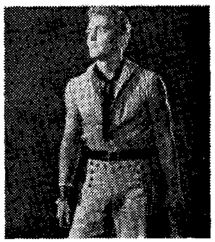
1946: Ingrid Bergman in "Joan of Lorraine."


1951: Charles Nolte as "Billy Budd."

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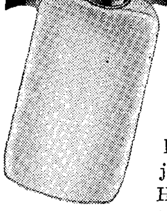

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on the contrary, making a veiled statement in "Parsifal" that he did not. What positive statement he was trying to make it is hard to say, even with M. Gracq's elucidation to hand. One gathers that for him the important figure at the Crucifixion was the Roman soldier with the spear; that the true savior in the rite of blood is the destroyer, and that he saves only himself. What M. Gracq has been concerned to write is, as he puts it, a demoniac version of the "Parsifal" story. One might, if one were amiably disposed, meet him halfway, and, taking him at his own valuation, attack his ideas as shocking or wicked, but the truth is that they are much worse than that—they are silly. The silliness might be interesting if it could be considered evidence of a new, disturbing direction in which French culture is moving. But it is not. It is a dated, old-fashioned silliness. M. Joséphin Péladan was writing this sort of thing fifty years ago. Before that, it was Lévi, the occultist; before that, the Illuminati and the disciples of Schroepfer. It is thought of the sort in which Mme. de Montespan was indulging when she hoped to win concessions from the natural order by performing Black Mass. It has to be admitted that this same brand of guff fed and sustained W. B. Yeats in his youth, but Yeats' Rosicrucian romances seemed vapid and unrewarding when they were written, and seem even more so today.

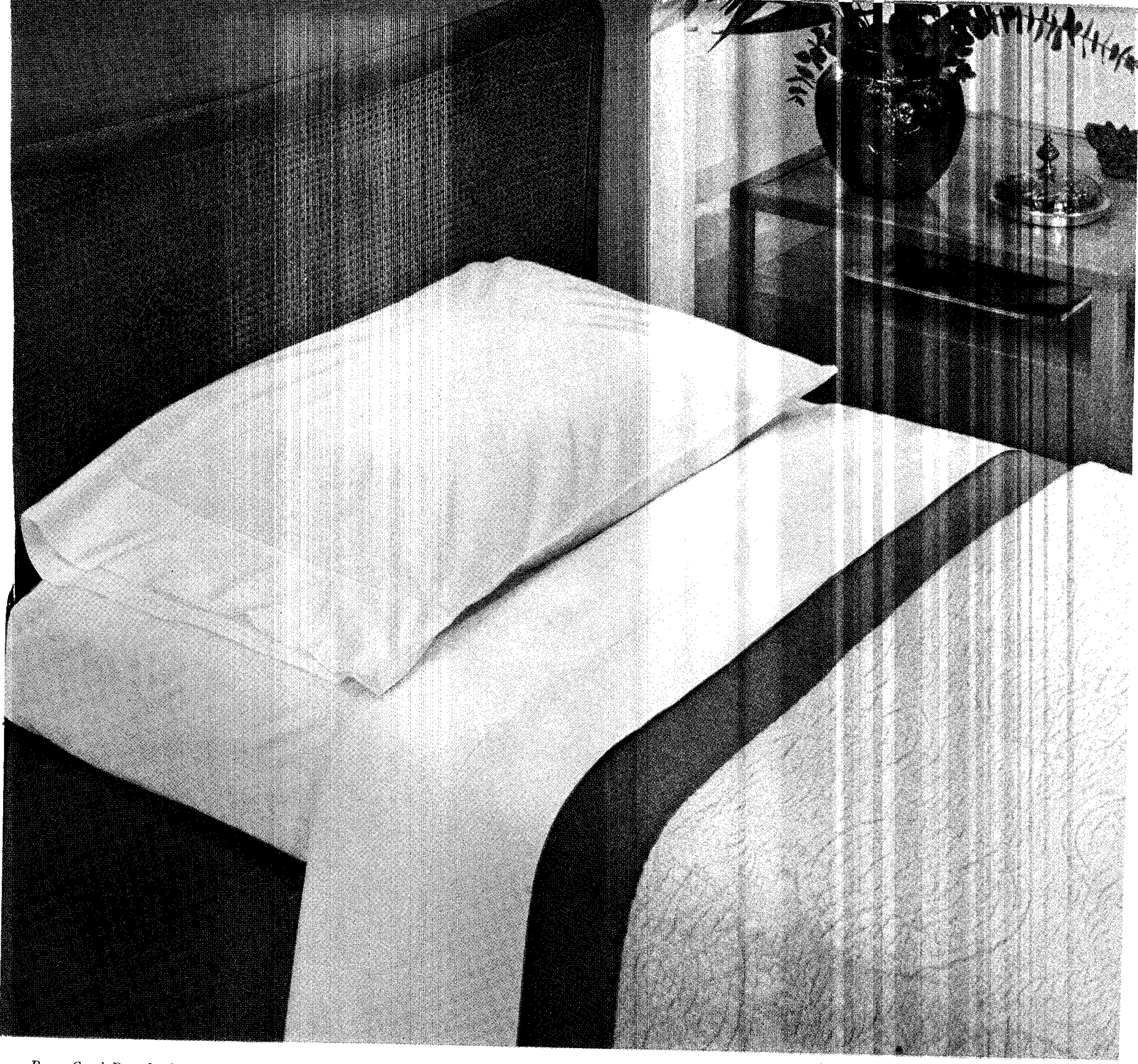
MISS JEAN STAFFORD introduces us, in the opening pages of "The Catherine Wheel" (Harcourt, Brace), to a gnomelike figure almost as strange as M. Gracq's Albert. He is a boy named Victor, and he has been born and bred on the Maine coast:

> His head consisted of a woodchuck's upper lip from which obtruded two large oblong teeth, a porcine nose that pointed skyward, a pair of amber cat-eyes, round and feral. He wore his tall ears high upon his head and they were red; his pigeon-toed feet were huge and his hands were pebbled all over with big pied warts and they were scarred with the marks of a jackknife with which he tried to dig out the unsightly nubbins. His long black hair lay on his conical head like rags . . .

This monster's companionship is much prized by another boy of about the same age, called Andrew, a summer visitor who spends his winters in town dreaming of the delights of clamming, crabbing, and fishing with his macabre friend. This summer, however, it is all different. Andrew finds himself out in the cold because Victor's brother, a romantic figure who has been serving with the Navy in the Pacific, is at home and is monopolizing his attention. This clouds Andrew's whole summer. He is bitterly jealous of the sailor and wishes him away or dead, so Victor would resume the old relationship. Andrew's parents are in Europe. He does not know that the trip abroad is a last trial of the marriage, and that if what is probable happens, his father will break with his mother when they return. He does not know, either, that the woman his father is in love with is the woman in whose house he is spending the summer. The woman is acutely aware of her special and unusual relationship with her young guest and masochistically supposes that his unhappiness is due to an intuitive knowledge of what is going on. Her misapprehension of the cause of his misery and her mounting unease push her to the point of breaking with his father. As a story of misunderstanding, and the width that divides children from their elders, it is excellent. But Miss Stafford is continually writing away from the story to matters of larger import that are indicated by the quotation from T. S. Eliot that opens the book: "Man's life is a cheat and a disappointment; all things are unreal, unreal or disappointing. . . . All things become less real, man passes from unreality to unreality." She attempts to invest accurate and precise descriptions of delicate shades of feeling with a greater significance than they can bear, and very simple actions are dwelt upon until their outline is lost in a fluff of words:

> Confronted by the portrait of her father that hung at the head of the stairs, she did at last stop still, her daily habit, and renewed her memory of his black eyes whose vital brightness the paint had not obscured and his full, versatile mouth, one corner upturned and the other set implacably, and his strong bones, having in them a Hebraic aggressiveness or a Hellenic one, a validity and an inherent pride so that they flattered rather than were flattered by the moon-white skin that rose to perish in tight, coarse curls of blue-black hair.

It is hard not to feel that the fact of the woman stopping on the stairs, looking at the portrait, and recalling a particular virile beauty is obscured instead of clarified by what is added to it. At other times, the curse of the catalogue, which Flaubert laid upon the novel, descends, and the characters are held frozen while the oversensitive eye travels slowly over the materials of their clothing, the furniture, the bric-a-brac, the curtains, the wallpaper, and the creepers tapping at the windows. Inevitably such writing does much to



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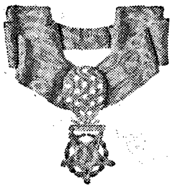

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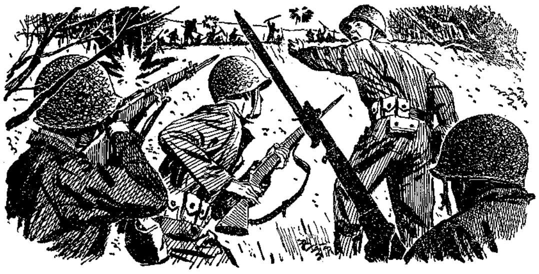

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cloud the virtues of what is in its essentials a direct and moving story.

THE British sense of fair play, as the British are always ready to admit, is most highly developed. But few people will know how far it will take a man until they have read P. H. Newby's "A Season in England" (Knopf). His hero arrives at last in the bedroom of the Greek girl he has been pursuing for most of the novel. She is excited and amorous, and she explains why she has coldly kept him at arm's length for so long. She had thought him thin-blooded and somewhat stuffy until, provoked to fury, she thinks, he tried to poison her. That was the act of a man with intensity and fire, a passionate man, so . . . But the spirit of fair play is not to be denied. There has been a mistake, the gentleman points out. The lady does not know the facts; he did not try to poison her. It would be unfair, therefore, if he were to enjoy her under false pretenses. And, besides, sensuality is by no means the same thing as love. He is in love with her and cannot accept an interest that is merely sensual. He retires to his room, and skulks there until late the following morning, hoping that she will be gone by the time he comes out.

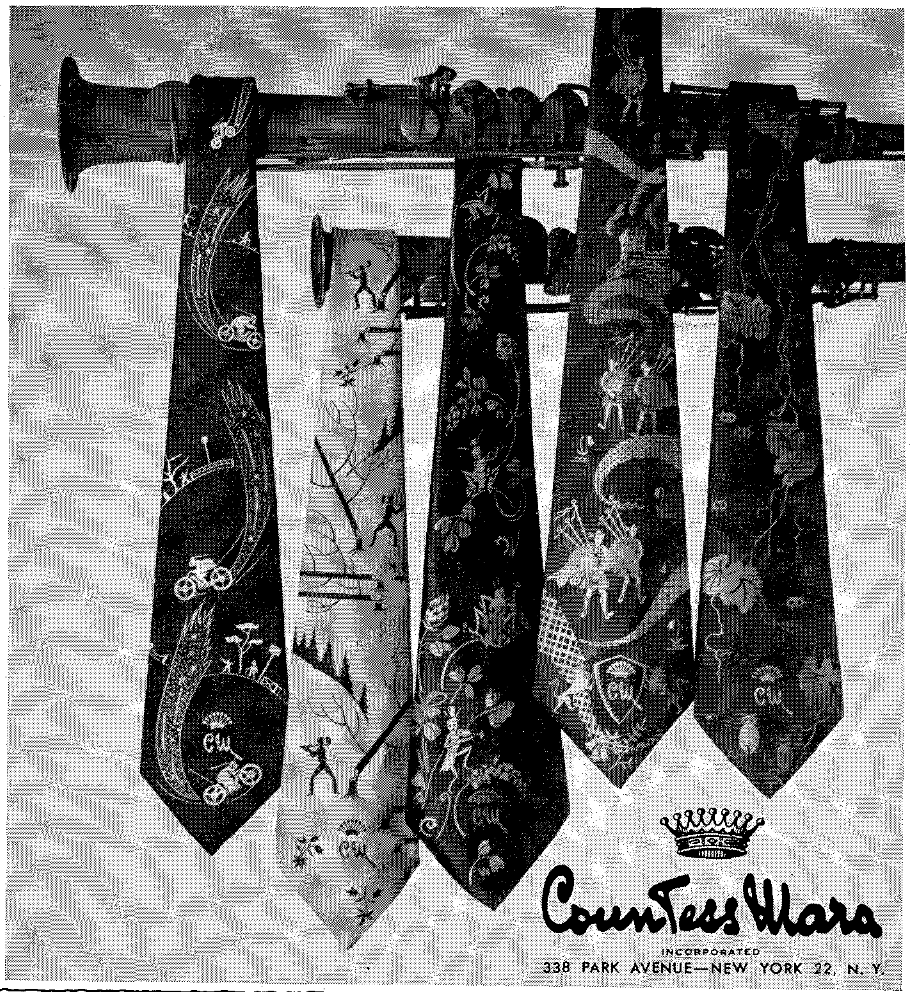
This is farce, and because it is, it destroys the small-scale personal tragedy of a man's inability to live and to love that Mr. Newby apparently tried to design. His hero has a withered heart that can feed only a small life. He cannot live instinctively and impulsively, like the Greek girl, and he cannot sustain the deliberate, even-tempered approach to living out of which the English contrive to make so much that is enduringly satisfying to them. After his season in England, he goes to Egypt, not because the Delta feeds so much that is warm and alive, like the Greek girl, but because there is all about the Delta the sterile emptiness of the desert. Studies in nullity, however, are apt, of their nature, to be dispiriting and dingy, and the moment of seemingly unintentional low comedy that both brings Mr. Newby's book to an end and throws it off balance is the one thing that keeps it from being wholly tedious.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WINDS OF MORNING, by H. L. Davis (Morrow). A story of the Northwest, in which an old, confused, and belligerent man revisits the scenes of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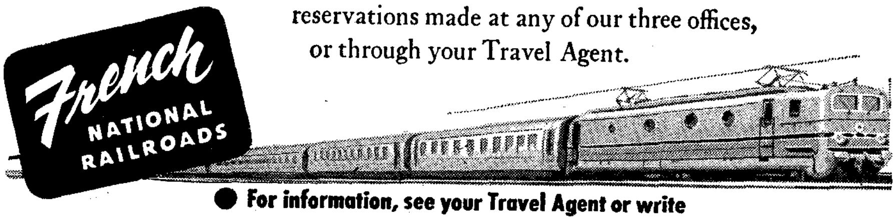

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his early and middle life, and talks about what has happened to him, and why it happened, as he rides through the countryside with a very young sheriff's assistant. The sheriff's assistant, Amos Clarke, reports the conversations and describes the faces and landmarks that jog the old man's memory, but although the talk is free and the ride is long, we somehow have the feeling that Mr. Davis let things come to an end sooner than he should have, dismissing the old man before he seems to have really got down to what he wants to say. This is a tribute to Mr. Davis's power of persuasiveness, however, for there would be no fault to find if he had made his old man less likable and less engrossing. For the rest, the writing is fine and alive, a murder mystery is provided and solved, and there is a love affair with a happy ending. The Book-of-the-Month Club selection for January.

The Beetle Leg, by John Hawkes (New Directions). John Hawkes' spare, webby prose is enormously effective when his feeling for his subject is strong enough to lend it color and depth. Unfortunately, this new story—about a construction worker buried alive during the building of an irrigation dam somewhere out West, and about the effect of his death on all those concerned with him and with the dam—is so thin and so faintly realized that the delicate prose breaks off, time and again, into a series of keen but unrelated images, and in the end we have only a tangle of inflexible, pampered wisps of writing. This does not alter the fact that some of the scenes in the book are extraordinary, especially a scene of wagonloads of farm women arriving for a desert wedding.

Sybil, by Louis Auchincloss (Houghton Mifflin). A stiffly related, rather old-fashioned novel of courtship and marriage among the rich of New York between the years 1940 and 1949. The heroine, Sybil, is a girl of colorless charm, whose desire to behave nicely is never distracted by honest impulse and who is possessed of a remarkably strong, though concealed, instinct for keeping herself and her possessions scrupulously intact.

Some Others and Myself, by Ruth Suckow (Rinehart). Seven plaintive, formless pieces, written in a sentimental, neighborly fashion, about small-town people and country peo-

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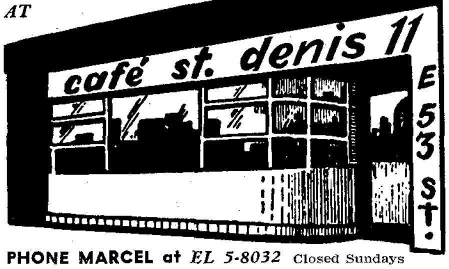

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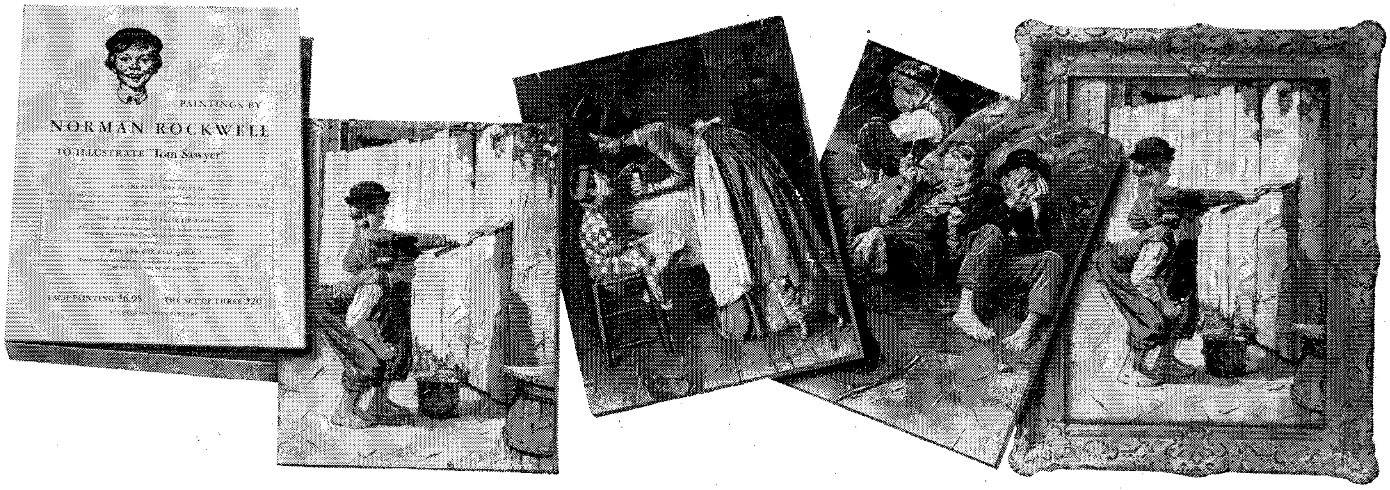

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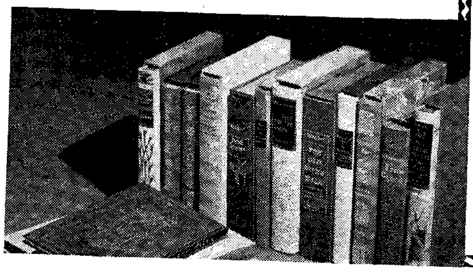

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ple. There is also a long memoir of Miss Suckow's religious development.

GENERAL

THE PATTERN OF RESPONSIBILITY, edited by McGeorge Bundy (Houghton Mifflin). A compilation of Dean Acheson's state papers—speeches, official reports, transcriptions of press conferences and of testimony given before Congressional committees, and other matters of record—designed to give an accounting of the recent administration of the foreign policy of the United States in the words of its chief steward. Mr. Bundy has done an excellent job of putting these various papers together to form a whole, but he does not claim that his book is a complete statement of our present foreign policy. It does make clear, however, that there is a reasoned and consistent political philosophy back of our dealings with other nations and peoples; it also provides the reader with a first-rate self-portrait of Mr. Acheson as a statesman, and with answers, from the record, to the most serious charges brought against him and his Department by his critics.

DANCE TO THE PIPER, by Agnes de Mille (Atlantic-Little, Brown). The autobiography of one of our leading choreographers, written, for the most part, with the wit, bounce, and ginger that characterize the dances she has composed (and, on occasion, performed) for the concert stage and for Broadway productions. Chronologically, Miss de Mille's professional career has closely paralleled the rise in public esteem in this country of all forms of the dance, from classical ballet to modern. During the years she was groping for her own style, she sampled the techniques of most of these forms in America and England. As a result, her memoir is dotted with shrewd and entertaining asides, which cover not only a good deal of recent dance history but such matters as the economics of the field, which are disastrous; the education, or lack of it, of the average professional dancer; the almost total absence, until just lately, of qualified dance critics; and the general rigors of the profession. On this last subject, Miss de Mille is eloquent indeed; a dancer's woes, she feels, outdo those of any other kind of performer, and she tends to hug her own grim experiences to her like a hair shirt that is now quite a few sizes too small but that

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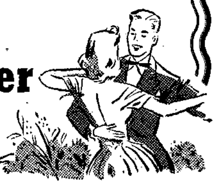

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she is loath to discard. The Literary Guild choice for February.

Ouida, by Eileen Bigland (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A biography of the popular nineteenth-century English novelist, whom Miss Bigland, in her subtitle, calls "The Passionate Victorian," and whom she depicts with a lack of sympathy that verges at times on sheer malice. Ouida (the pen name of Maria Louisa Ramé) wasn't, to be sure, a very beguiling person at any period of her life, for she was given to excessive self-dramatization, snobbery, and—when her passions were thwarted, as they pretty regularly were—to outbursts of litigation. Her career, however, was astonishingly eventful, considering her immense literary output, and it's a pity that Miss Bigland interrupts her account of it with frequent interpretations of what she is fond of referring to as "the essential Ouida" or "the real Ouida." This Ouida, it would seem from the evidence, was a very foolish woman and at the same time a tragic one, a combination that Miss Bigland hasn't been able to reconcile completely.

Behold Virginia: The Fifth Crown, by George F. Willison (Harcourt, Brace). Anyone who has thought of Virginia as a sort of aristocratic island dropped onto this continent of common men by some freak of nature will probably be delighted by this book, a beautiful debunking of a legend of something that never was, except in the minds of romancers and poets. As a job of colonizing, Virginia was all a mistake, according to the author. Never, he says, have so many misfits sailed together to found a colony in the wilderness. The company included "all too few plain working people" and all too many gentlemen of the type who invariably thought of themselves with a capital "G." As for culture, there was some difficulty about founding the College of William and Mary; when it was argued that the people of Virginia had souls to be saved, the colony's attorney general exclaimed, "Souls! Damn your souls! Make tobacco!" Nonetheless, no one can argue with the final sentence in the book: "Quietly, out of the travail of Virginia and all the colonies, a new nation, a new order, had been born."

Over a Bamboo Fence, by Margery Finn Brown (Morrow). An informal commentary on occupied Japan during 1947 and 1948 and on the reactions of the Japanese to the

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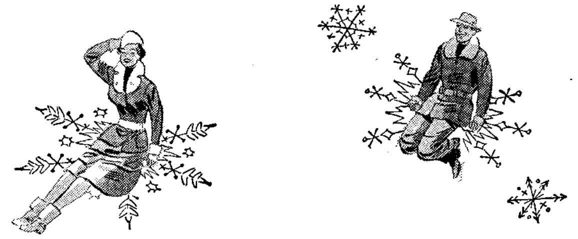

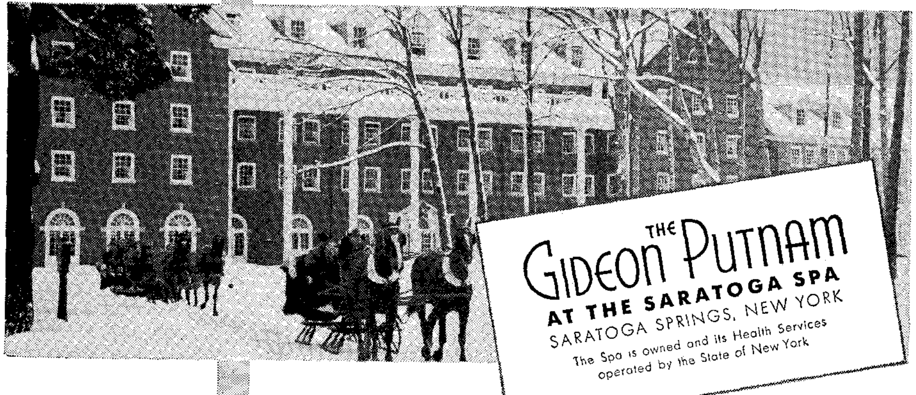

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presence of Americans in their midst during that period. Mrs. Brown, the wife of an occupation officer stationed both in Tokyo and Kyoto, was able, thanks to well-developed curiosity and abundant energy, not only to make a pretty shrewd first-hand study of the Japanese who came into daily contact with her and her brood of children but also to range relatively far afield, in her role of columnist for a Japanese newspaper, the Osaka *Mainichi*. Among the oddly assorted gatherings visited by Mrs. Brown were Japanese discussion groups devoted to appraisals of old- and new-style customs, meetings of women's clubs (confused affairs indeed), parties in geisha houses, and theatrical performances of various sorts, and she presents her findings with just enough interpretive assistance from the experts to make them sound plausible.

THE RIDDLE OF EMILY DICKINSON, by Rebecca Patterson (Houghton Mifflin). Mrs. Patterson's thesis—that Emily Dickinson's progressive eccentricity, as well as the inspiration of very nearly all her poetry, sprang from her short and baffled friendship (1859-1861) with one Kate Scott Turner (later Anthon)—is elaborated at length and with the aid of much unsupported conjecture. That Emily Dickinson was attracted to this rather worldly visitor to Amherst seems to be a fact, but since it is on record that the poet's affections were widely diffused among friends of both sexes, and that she was not too crushed by grief in 1862 to reach out for a new friendship by writing to Thomas Wentworth Higginson, it is improbable that she celebrated this one encounter throughout her life, sometimes under the cover of masculine pronouns. The picture of Mrs. Anthon as an American "cultured" expatriate and emotional drifter, from the seventies to the First World War, has a period interest, however.

NEW DIRECTIONS 13, edited by James Laughlin (New Directions). The thirteenth appearance of an annual devoted to the experimental and the unusual in native and foreign literature. Like its predecessors, it is a mixed bag; there is some interesting writing, both prose and poetry, and there is some that fails to come off, to put it quietly. Among the more notable inclusions are a long, quasi-narrative poem by Kenneth Rexroth, which has percussion, if not much distinction as poetry; a poem by the

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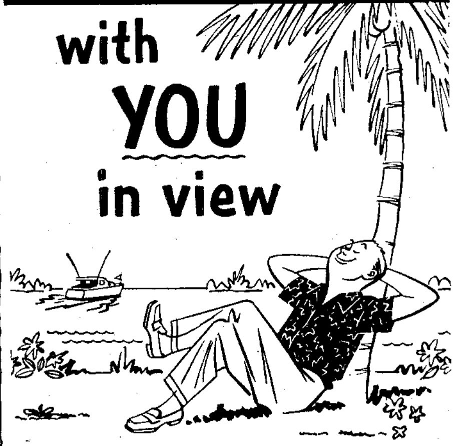

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gifted Peter Viereck; a piece of sterling abracadabra about Joyce's "Ulysses" by A. M. Klein; and translations of work by the contemporary French novelist and critic Jean Paulhan.

THE PLEASURES OF MUSIC, edited by Jacques Barzun (Viking). This large, comprehensive collection of writing about music and musicians, put together by a painstaking editor, has something in it for, and is aimed at, almost everyone. But its main anthological virtue—that it includes a dash or two of *everything*—is a drawback to anyone with serious musical interests, and the casual reader, finding so many snippets of longer works, may wish that instead he had one of them complete.

NOTE: "The Peculiar War," a collection of reports on the war in Korea by E. J. Kahn, Jr., has been published by Random House. Almost all of them first appeared in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE FAR CRY, by Fredric Brown (Dutton). George Weaver, who had been a real-estate operator in Kansas City until a breakdown put him in a sanatorium, comes to Taos for a vacation, chiefly from his wife, whose slovenly appearance and behavior have begun to get on his nerves. Nothing much comes of this quest for peace, however, since he rents a house that was occupied eight years before by a girl who was murdered, and shortly finds himself embarked on an investigation of the crime and also somehow deeply and strangely disturbed by it. The ending is a surprise, and perhaps not entirely a legitimate one, but Mr. Brown's story of an unbalanced mind is original and rather fascinating.

DEAD YESTERDAY, by Ruth Fenisong (Doubleday). The Countess Mazzini, once a celebrated advertising model, takes to drink after the death of her husband and not only loses her looks but is habitually in a condition that makes her seem a natural victim for a blackmailer, who comes to her Park Avenue apartment one night and leaves behind him one dead woman and another apparently dying. The case is complicated by the kidnapping of the Countess's beautiful young niece, who happens to be on the premises at the time of the assault, the disappearance of an important document, and various other annoyances, but Captain Gridley

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Nelson, of Homicide, is a tenacious man and everything gets tidied up quite neatly in the end. Miss Fenisong's plot isn't especially novel, but she writes pleasantly and easily, and you will probably find her book more diverting than most.

PISTOLS FOR TWO, by Aaron Marc Stein (Doubleday). Tim Mulligan and Elsie Mae Hunt, eminent archeologists, are unpacking a cloister in Fort Tryon Park when they come upon a corpse who has been shot in the back. This man proves to have been one of the agents in the sale of the cloister to a rich vegetarian, and why he should have been killed no one has the least idea. The police suspect Tim and Elsie Mae, though there are plenty of other likely culprits: an Italian colleague of theirs, known to be a crack shot; a handsome blonde, openly on the make; and the vegetarian himself, whose favorite dish is turnip-and-chestnut ragout. Quite satisfactory.

AFRAID IN THE DARK, by Mark Derby (Viking). Mr. Derby has some of the qualities that have made Graham Greene and John Buchan famous in the field of international political melodrama, and this novel, which has to do with the tracking down of a notorious war criminal in Malaya, is often ingenious and sometimes exciting. The territory covered extends from London to Malaya, the characters are varied and picturesque, and there is a rather unorthodox love affair to divert those who like their bloodshed diluted with a dash of romance.

•

Bergdorf also have their own stole scarf, copied from a Spanish one. It's a triangle, with a seventy-seven-inch base and thirty-seven-inch sides.—*The New Yorker.*

Anybody seen an apex around here?

•

On the twenty-first of December, Mrs. Spaulding will go to Northeastern, Massachusetts, to spend the holidays with her daughter, Mrs. Frederick Allen Coe, who also is her granddaughter.—*Princeton (N.J.) Herald.*

Well, they'll have a lot to talk over.

•

Q. Is it true that Mrs. Bing Crosby is pregnant for the fifth time?
—T. Y., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Lately, Bing and Dixie have been frequently appearing in public together. This may be why the rumor (which is untrue) started.—*Modern Screen Magazine.*

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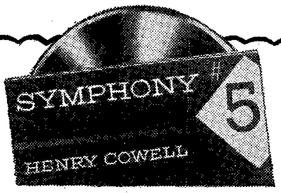

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